

"THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE." A story by Edgar Fawcett.

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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## THE NEW JOURNALISM.

"IF ASKED WHAT IT IS RIGHT TO PRINT, WE CANNOT ALWAYS ANSWER. BUT WE ALL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN ENTERPRISE FIGHTING FOR PURITY AND TRUTH AND ONE SEEKING TO POLLUTE THE PEOPLE."—[SEE PAGE 359.]



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## What To Do.

THE advocates of a general revision of the tariff insist that there is no hope that the Dingley bill can be passed through the present Senate.

Their hope is the father to the thought.

They do not want the Dingley bill to pass, because that is a moderate-revenue bill. Indeed, they do not want any revenue bill to pass, for, by reason of the present deficiency and the ensuing embarrassment of the government, they see a prospect of altering the tariff schedules on a large scale.

To be sure, we need larger revenues, and need them at once.

If they be not provided for, a further sale of bonds is inevitable; and another sale of bonds would start all the demagogues in the country to howling with all their windy might. We have, in all conscience, had enough of that.

The best way to get the necessary revenues is to pass the Dingley bill, which is well understood and has already been fully discussed.

There is surely enough high patriotism in the Senate for such a purpose.

In the event, however, that the Dingley bill cannot possibly be passed, there is one easy and quick way in which this revenue can be raised, and that is through an increase in the internal revenue. It is understood that Mr. Carlisle will recommend a duty on coffee and tea—a restoration of the old tax. But such a duty would only yield a revenue of twelve millions, while we need upward of thirty millions. Besides the inadequacy of this revenue, the imposition of the duty would surely be unpopular—taxing the breakfast-table, it would be called.

We need to raise this revenue as quickly as possible, and we need to so distribute the tax that it will be felt as little as practicable—felt not at all if possible.

What is the matter with beer?

Beer is already taxed ninety-two and a half cents a barrel, or about one-quarter of a cent a glass. The revenue it yields is about thirty-one million dollars annually.

The present deficiency is about equivalent to the present tax on beer—a tax that is felt neither by the affluent producer nor the thirsty consumer.

Why would it not be a good thing to double the tax on beer?

Such an increase would raise the amount of revenue needed; it would raise it quickly and without adding to the expense of the government for collection. Nothing would be needed but new stamps, twice the denomination of those at present in use. Then we should quickly have the revenue required, and there would be no excuse for the wholesale revision of the tariff.

The Republicans were not returned to power for the purpose of establishing a high protective tariff. If the leaders imagine such to have been the case, the sooner they get correct information the better.

The country now wants to be let alone, so that legitimate business may be attended to.

A patriotic party will not fret us with uncertainty nor vex us with apprehension.

## The Popular Majority.

MAJOR MCKINLEY'S majority in the electoral college is sufficient; it is larger than such majorities have generally been. But the truest test of the feeling of the American people upon the questions they have just decided is to be found by examining the popular vote. In the most important States in the Union—in the States where there has been the greatest industrial progress and the highest development of civilization—McKinley had immense majorities. In the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, and Wisconsin his aggregate majority was more than a million votes. The great majorities received by Bryan were in Colorado and Texas, and these put together do not equal the majority of either New York or Pennsylvania.

It is said now and again that if forty thousand votes in

selected places had been taken from McKinley and given to Bryan the latter would have been elected. This is true, but it did not happen, so we need not worry about it. But there is one feature of the popular majority which is worth thinking about. Bryan might have been elected though one million two hundred thousand more voters expressed their preference for McKinley. Is not the present method of selecting the President antiquated? Should it not be replaced by another method, by which the popular verdict of the people could not be reversed?

We are very apt to think that there is something sacred about our fundamental law, and to look upon any changes whatever as dangerous. But the fundamental law, so far as the electoral college is concerned, was particularly experimental. It has, with one or two exceptions, hitherto worked well enough, but we came perilously near, this year, to a complete break-down. It is likely that the time has come to change the law and adopt a more rational system of recording the people's choice.

## A Proper Senator for New York.

It has been long since New York was properly represented in the upper house of Congress. As a rule the



MR. JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

Legislature has preferred to select for the high office of United States Senator some skillful politician, to whom statesmanship was as nothing, for whom patronage was everything. The Legislature which meets in Albany this winter will be called upon to choose a successor to Mr. Hill. It seems to be assumed that the office is already mortgaged to the political boss who has been dominant in Republican party affairs in the State for some years past. It has also been assumed that he will foreclose the mortgage and buy the office in for himself. If he is permitted to do this New York will again send to the Senate a man poorly equipped to represent her in the councils of the nation. And what is more, New York will do this notwithstanding the fact that there are scores of men much better qualified in experience, in forensic skill, and, most of all, in character, to fill this office with dignity and at the same time to reflect credit upon the Empire State. There is one man pre-eminently qualified for the post. Mr. Joseph H. Choate would make an ideal Senator. With him on the floor, memories of Webster, of Clay and of Calhoun would rise, and Choate would not suffer by the comparison. But likely as not we shall have Platt. Why, if the two names of Platt and Choate could be voted upon by the citizens of the State, Choate would have at least half a million majority. If even the Republican voters were asked to make a selection, Platt would be beaten out of his boots. But with the Legislature it is different. The Legislature belongs to Platt, and every well-informed politician in the State knows that if Platt gives the word he will receive every Republican vote on the first ballot. The machine is in splendid working order just now, but the people will smash it some bright fine day.

## The Embarrassment of Spain.



H. M. THE KING OF SPAIN, ALPHONSO XIII.

way below par. What is she to do? War cannot be waged without money, and Spain's money has pretty nearly given out. But more than Cuba is at stake in this contest. If losing Cuba were all, though Cuba be the most valuable of Spain's possessions, the loss might be borne with resignation if not with good nature; but should Spain let Cuba slip away from an unwilling allegiance the ruling dynasty in Spain is sure to fall. Against this the queen-regent, mother to the infant king, is struggling with all the might

of a vigorous nature. Rather than that this should happen she will call upon the Spanish people to make every sacrifice. In the next few weeks it is likely that a decisive battle will be fought. Should Weyler lose, the young king will be in great danger of never mounting the throne. Should he win, it is not likely that one victory will suppress the rebellion.

Meantime the world is smoking poorer tobacco than for a generation past and is paying very high prices for inferior cigars.

## Kentucky.



WILLIAM O. BRADLEY.

THE eyes of the country have been fixed upon Kentucky for eighteen months past. She used to be securely in the Democratic column and was good for almost any majority. Last year the Democratic candidate for Governor yielded to the silver heresy, and he was beaten by his Republican competitor by nine thousand votes. Kentucky on the question of sound money seemed now secure for the right. But one year of the administration of the Republican Governor was sufficient to reduce the nine thousand plurality almost to the vanishing point. Governor Bradley is not only the first Republican Governor of the State, but he is the first "poor-white"—as the negroes describe the class to which he belongs—to hold that exalted office. And he will probably be the last of his class to be so honored in a long time. Noisily truculent when he should have been quietly brave, sensationally hysterical when he should merely have been firm, he split up his party, threw away the support of new allies, and very nearly succeeded in turning his State over to the enemy. Better a week of Joe Blackburn than a year of Bill Bradley. But why should we have either?

## The Best Way To Use Wealth.

ANDREW CARNEGIE once said that Enoch Pratt's gift of one million two hundred thousand dollars to the city of Baltimore for a free library was worth many times that amount, not only for the good that followed, but still more largely for the example that Mr. Pratt set the wealthy men of the country. Mr. Carnegie knew what he was talking about, for he himself had followed the example he had so strongly commended by his gifts to the city of Pittsburg. Several months before he died, Mr. Pratt, in a conversation with the writer of this, said with his usual emphasis that if a man had money to give to a public purpose he was a fool to wait until he died, for in most cases it would be squandered, or the real purpose of the donor would not be carried out; and then we went over the long list of benefactions that had gone astray under trustees, and it was astonishing to find how many millions had melted away through indifference and incompetence, and occasionally through absolute robbery. New York afforded many interesting illustrations which need not be repeated here, but which sadly emphasized the fact that if a man of wealth wants his money to realize the largest good the only safe way is for him to spend it while he is alive to direct the plans for which it is intended. Certainly the most notable instances of success and failure in the distribution of fortunes are that of Peter Cooper on the one hand, and of Samuel J. Tilden on the other. The good from Peter Cooper's benefactions has been incalculable, while the money left by Tilden has yet to accomplish any of the public benefit that he expected; and the breaking of the will of this able and brilliant lawyer was one of those tragedies of the courts which show that no man is safe, even in his grave, if he leaves a large sum of money to be quarreled over, and that no bequest is sacred if there are opportunities to divert it from its prompt fulfillment. The average trustee has business interests of his own.

Another contrast which throws a flood of light on this subject is found in Baltimore. In that city Johns Hopkins bequeathed his fortune of seven million dollars and lands amounting to more thousands to the founding of the university and the hospital that bear his name. A large part of the university's endowment was in Baltimore and Ohio stock. At the time of Mr. Hopkins's death this stock was worth almost two hundred dollars, the par being one hundred dollars. The trustees that managed the university, knowing that Mr. Hopkins was on the friendliest terms with Mr. Garrett, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio, held on to this stock through good and ill repute, but finally they awoke to the fact that sentiment and business were different things. That stock is now selling for less than fifteen dollars a share; the road is in the hands of receivers, and the great university, bereft of its main income, is now running on a guarantee fund contributed by the rich men of the city—about fifty thousand dollars a year for five years. What will be done at the end of that time, the future only can tell.

Now mark the difference. When Mr. Pratt decided to present to the city of his adoption, in which he had made his millions, a great free library, he determined to take no chances with his money. He consulted others and called in a board of trustees, but he supervised everything, and he gave to the city outright \$833,333 on the condition that the city appropriate each year fifty thousand dollars for the maintenance of the library until the fund should yield that amount. The city has carried out its bargain, and now the library is self-sustaining, with the city's bond back of its investments, so that as long as the city endures the library will keep on in its usefulness. Mr. Pratt said the happiest day in his life was when he handed over the library to the trustees; but he had many happier days after that, for he lived five years longer than he expected, and his greatest pleasure was in going to the building and watching the crowds, of all



ages and conditions, taking advantage of his public spirit. He built the large main building and then the five branches, so arranged that the free books are literally in walking distance of every home of the city. Next to the public schools it is the greatest educational influence of the town; but the point, after all, is that this practical man, by spending only one million two hundred thousand dollars, was able to realize more in results and make it all absolutely permanent than many boards of managers or trustees have done with ten times that sum.

The best way to use wealth is to use it while living. It accomplishes good then, whereas in the form of bequests it only too often creates quarrels and occupies the courts and ruins the living, and becomes the means of vilifying the good names of the dead.

### The New Journalism.

"SAVE the babies! save the babies!"

Such is the continuous cry, during the summer months, of a New York evening sheet devoted to the cult of the "new journalism." The children of the tenements are overcome by the heat, the bad odors, and the tainted atmosphere of the great metropolis, and the proprietor of the sheet in question endeavors to add to his circulation by encouraging the patronage of collection-boxes and the erection of promiscuous candy and fruit stands, the proceeds of which are supposed to accrue to the sufferers' benefit. In other words, he manages to "keep things humming" all summer long for "sweet charity's sake"—and his own!

So far, so good. There is no objection to the children benefiting from this form of "benevolence." Yet in truth they stand in need of salvation from far greater dangers than the mere physical discomforts above alluded to. Every hour of the day and every day of the year they suffer from the pollution of the lewd, sensational, vulgar press, whose whole tendency for years has been to degrade public taste and morals by a systematic pandering to the lowest instincts of humanity. It has glorified vice and crime, and has instilled in the hearts of the young a disregard for the promptings of virtue and the higher ideals of our civilization. The repellent figure of the spirit of evil is, in fact, daily walking through our centres of population, our congested districts, like the black pest of the Middle Ages, scattering the seed of moral death and destruction on all sides.

Yes, indeed, "Save the babies, save the babies!" The adults can take care of themselves; it is not they who suffer from contact with the virus. It is the children—the children of the poor above all—from the tender age when the meaning of a phrase, the significance of a picture, first dawns upon their youthful intellects until the threshold of maturity has been reached. The struggle for existence raging around in all its fury deprives them of a parent's watchful mentorship. They are left to face the danger alone and unprotected. It is they—the children of the poor—who succumb to the blighting influence of the "new journalism," and swell the lists of our criminals and law breakers. It is they whose bodies the arch-fiend is willing to save, so that he may all the more surely destroy their souls.

The "new journalism" is an exotic plant in this fair land of the United States. It is a product of the *ghetto*, distinctively Oriental in its lubricity, its lasciviousness, its flashiness. Transported in the steerage with other vermin from an obscure and obnoxious quarter of Europe, it first developed, flourished, and grew fat in a great Western city, and then, early in the 'eighties, was transplanted to New York to burst forth in all its hideousness. We had troubles enough in those days, it must be admitted, but our press at least was free from the taint of prurient sensationalism; our children ran no risk of defilement from an accumulation of literary and pictorial filth on every newspaper stand. One could obtain comprehensive information regarding current events without the additional bawdy or charnel-house flavoring. In those days, moreover, the professional circulation-affidavit liar was a thing unknown, and the chromo, the guessing-match, the puzzle competition did not figure as leading factors in the dissemination of thought.

All these ennobling features and many others—unfit for publication—we owe to the great arch-fiend of the "new journalism." Unfortunately he has not been allowed to pursue his path of villainy without experiencing that sincerest form of flattery known as imitation. The imitator, indeed, has at times outdone the original, and he certainly has succeeded in outstripping the latter in the race for circulation. The Rev. William H. Faunce, of New York, has graphically summed up the situation thus created. Says he:

"There are two newspapers in this city whose very names are synonyms of degradation; whose very posters reek with moral poison, which exist by the systematic and purposed corruption of their readers. They have become purveyors of lust and brutality, and diurnal instigators of crime. Every father dreads to see them in the hands of his son, and every pure mother snatches them from her daughter's hand. They parade our streets simply for evil purposes, fattening on the weakness of human nature and resembling nothing so much as a garbage-cart dragged through the streets dripping with the unspeakable. Yet they ask admission to our homes. If asked what it is right to print, we cannot always answer. But we all know the difference between an enterprise fighting for purity and truth and one seeking to pollute the people."

The questions now arise: What are we going to do about it? Will it become necessary in the end to enact special legislation for the suppression of the vicious press? Must we have a public censor, the same as in the majority of European countries? Or are our children and our children's children destined, under the arch-fiend's mentorship, to follow the path carved out for us by his two European co-religionists, Nordau and Lombroso—the path of Aryan degeneration?

The New York Sun and the Evening Post are doing noble work in arousing their readers to an appreciation of the dangers involved in the spread of the "new journalism," but they have as yet suggested no practical remedy for the growing evil. Says the Sun: "But the corrective must be administered by decent public sentiment. That is the only effectual remedy." This is well enough as far as it goes, but in order to be effectual the opposition to the inroads of the new journalism must assume some practical form. It must not be confined to the columns of the decent press. Public sentiment of itself will accomplish little without methodic action. Let the clergy, the school-teachers, the parents and guardians of the young, let all who exercise control

over the youthful minds, band together in one solid organization, regardless of race or creed, and proceed to down the monster systematically. Let the Christian Endeavorers, the Salvation Army, the Young Men's Christian Association, and all the other religious and social organizations, unite on this common ground and combat the soul-killing pest. Only by combined action can any lasting result be obtained. We are asked to subscribe to pledges against indulgence in alcohol and tobacco. Why not introduce a pledge of total abstinence from the use of the "Morning Hog-wash" or the "Evening Swill-barrel"?

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.

### People Talked About.

—THE critics seem agreed that Mrs. Wiggin's newest book, "Marm Lisa," is not quite up to her own high standard, and it is possible that a publisher's temptations may have brought it to press ahead of time. What with honeymoon trips to Wales, kindergarten work, and the duties of hostess in her hospitable home, Mrs. Wiggin must have scant time for authorship than formerly. She is frequently seen in society and remains a most attractive woman—a pretty blonde with auburn hair, a shell-like complexion, and a graceful carriage.

—The news of the serious and perhaps fatal illness of "The Duchess" aroused concern in households where the death of George Meredith or of Mrs. Humphry Ward would have passed unnoticed. From "Molly Bawn" to "A Little Rebel" at least fifty novels flowed forth from Mrs. Hungerford's fruitful inkstand, and her constituency was equally numerous in kitchen and parlor. Charlotte M. Braeme and Miss Braddon alone excelled her in productivity. "The Duchess" is a little bit of a woman physically—a merry, warm-hearted Irish girl, entirely devoted to her husband and children.



CAPTAIN ALFRED T. MAHAN.

Mahan is a New-Yorker by birth, and his father was long professor of mathematics at the West Point Academy. The elder Mahan's work on civil engineering was long a valuable text-book in the technical schools of this country.

—W. H. ("Buck") Hinricksen, who is one of the new members of the Illinois Congressional delegation, has come to be regarded during the past few years as Altgeld's man Friday, and as such he will be an interesting figure at the capital. He will be interesting also for his fine physique, his cowboy hat, and certain eccentricities of manner. Mr. Hinricksen was a Democratic editor in Quincy and Jacksonville when the silver movement was in leading-strings, and as secretary of state he has been one of its chief sponsors. If the fight is to be continued he will be one of the generals of the cause in Washington.

—Mr. R. Chambers Lehmann, who has come over from England to coach the Harvard crew, is very much of a prodigy of achievement if half that is told of him is true. It appears that he is not only a great oarsman, but was equally celebrated in his university days as a cricketer and foot-ball player. He is a lawyer by profession, a journalist by aptitude, and a composer by choice, while his really best literary work has been as a humorous contributor to *Punch*. Apart from his great celebrity as an oarsman, he has done pretty well at everything he has tried, and with it all he is a modest and agreeable man of forty, a fine type of the gentleman athlete.



WILLIAM C. P. BRECKINRIDGE.

—William C. P. Breckinridge—Willie, of breach-of-promise notoriety—ran for Congress in the Blue-grass district of Kentucky and was beaten by the sitting member, Mr. Settle. Breckinridge declares that his defeat was due to frauds in Owen County, and threatens to contest. These alleged frauds in Owen County recall the story that used to be told about the late General John C. Breckinridge. When the latter was a young man he contested the district with General Leslie Coombs. His candidacy was looked upon as hopeless. In Owen County the people took a great fancy to the handsome young lawyer. "How many votes do you need?" they asked him. "About four thousand," he carelessly replied. When the returns came in Owen gave Breckinridge four thousand majority, though there were not that many men, women, and children in the county. And so Breckinridge was elected and his brilliant political career begun. In gratitude he named his eldest son Owen. Now Owen County, which started one Breckinridge in public life, gives a quietus to the poorest specimen of this brilliant family.

—Isaac B. Allen, the negro who by an accident of fate has been elected a member of the dignified Governor's Council in Massachusetts, pays an extreme penalty of unpopularity for his success. His temporary prominence may be contrasted with that of another colored man, W. E. B. Du Bois, who has been chosen by Harvard University to prepare for publication a volume on the suppression of the African slave trade with the United States. Du Bois is a negro of exceptional promise, still under thirty, a native of Massachusetts, and a graduate of Har-

vard. He was professor of Latin in an Ohio college for negroes, and is at present attached to the University of Pennsylvania. His career so far has been exceptionally brilliant for one of his race, and his book is awaited with considerable interest.

—J. B. McCullough, the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat's* brilliant editor, who is reported to be seriously ill, is conspicuous as one of the few survivors of the great editors of the West, like Waterson and Medill, and one of the fewer old-timers who "rose from the case" to the editorial-room. He was a type-setter in New York when he was a youth, and most of his early newspaper work was done in Cincinnati and in Chicago in the years just before the great fire. Like so many successful men in journalism, Mr. McCullough is of Irish parentage.

—Lawson N. Fuller, celebrated in the metropolis as the venerable sage of Washington Heights, recently drove his six-in-hand over the Fleetwood trotting-track, a mile, in two minutes fifty-six and a half seconds. This was a wonderful achievement and established the record for speed. What was most satisfactory to Mr. Lawson was the fact that all six of the horses were of his own breeding. He says that when he was a lad in Vermont

he was always riding bareback standing upright, and that his father's neighbors all predicted that some day he would do something wonderful with horses. Mr. Fuller thought so himself, but he had no idea that he would wait till his seventy-second year to do it.

—Several attempts at a bicycle novel have been made in England, but none so far has caught the public fancy. In this country the wheel has not advanced further than the short story, of which there have been numerous examples. One of the best of these is "A Woman's Game," by Frederick R. Burton, who has made some very entertaining and profitable experiments with the short story and with more elaborate fiction. Mr. Burton is a well-equipped newspaper writer who has done work on the press of half a dozen cities. He is about thirty-six years old and distinguished for his auburn hair and Louis Napoleon whiskers. Mr. Burton started out to be a teacher of music, and he is the composer of three or four popular songs.

—Susan B. Anthony takes the defeat of the woman-suffrage amendment in California very much to heart. After eight months of vigorous campaigning, in the course of which mass-meetings were held in nearly all of the counties of the State, petitions signed, and newspapers persuaded to the cause, it was defeated at the polls by the vote of San Francisco and Oakland. California was the twelfth State to vote

on this question, Kansas having led the way nearly thirty years ago. In all that interval, and for ten years before, Miss Anthony has been the leading champion and chief spokeswoman of the agitation. She is now seventy, a plain, prim, spectacled old lady, never seen in public in anything but a black silk dress, the New England uniform of spinsterhood. Mentally, she seems as keen and alert as in the early days of her championship of the sex.

—There is bound to be a good deal of sympathy for Madame Nordica in her troubles with the management of the Metropolitan Opera House. She is so distinctively American and there are so many native elements in her career—her camp-meeting ancestry, her affection for her native town in Maine, where she spends her summers and sings to pay for the street-lights, together with the romantic nature of her love affairs—that the public has had a particularly warm regard for her. Many a summer tourist in Maine has been attracted to the plain old New England farm-house in Farmington, where she first saw the light of day.



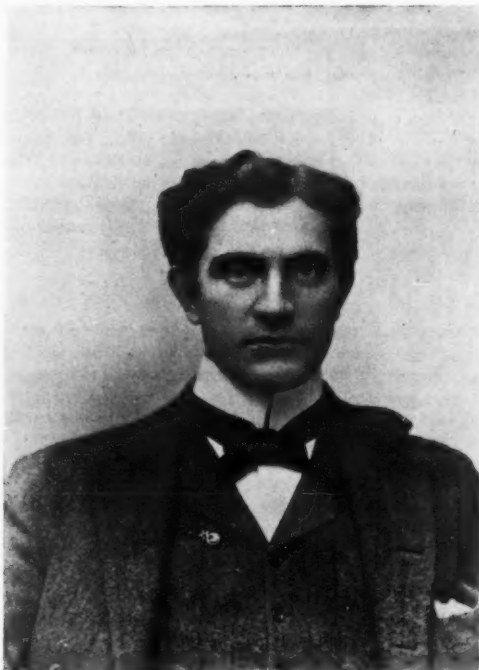
WILLIAM B. RANKINE.

—It was inevitable that the great power which for countless ages went to waste over the mighty falls of the Niagara River should sooner or later be harnessed and utilized for the purposes of man. But it would surely have been much later had it not been for the indomitable courage of one young man, Mr. William B. Rankine. He did not originate the scheme which has been successfully carried through; but he carried it through in the face of difficulties and discouragements that would have baffled ninety-nine men out of a hundred. But Mr. Rankine was the hundredth man, and now the street-cars of Buffalo and the electric lights, too, are run from the tumbling waste of waters at Niagara some forty miles away. Besides this, great manufacturing plants have been established at the falls and a new city is growing with rapidity and certainty. The engineering and mechanical difficulties were tremendous, and to overcome them the greatest practical scientists in the world were consulted. But the financial difficulties seemed quite insurmountable. The undertaking was so gigantic and the sum required so great that the boldest financiers turned away. But Mr. Rankine would not be denied. With an unflinching faith in the feasibility of the scheme he met each new discouragement with the serenity of a strong nature, and at last achieved one of the greatest business successes of the age. Mr. Rankine is a lawyer by profession, and not yet forty. He was living at Niagara when he first became interested in the undertaking into which he breathed life when it was almost moribund. His colleagues in the Niagara Falls Power Company are appreciatively grateful to him.





Fanny Bulkeley, daughter of Mrs. Anna Bulkeley Hills, the singer now appearing in the comedy, "Lost, Strayed or Stolen."—Copyright, 1896, by G. G. Rockwood.



James K. Hackett, leading man of the Lyceum company. Last season he played Count de Neipberg in "Madame Sans Gêne."—Photograph by Sarony.



Mary Mannering, the new leading woman of the Lyceum company. Engaged in London last summer by Daniel Frohman.—Photograph by Schloss.



Charles J. Richman, the new leading man of the Daly stock company. Now playing Orlando.—Photograph by Falk.



Maud Hoffmant, a new member of the Daly company. She will play parts next those of Ada Rehan's.—Copyright, 1896, by Falk.



Ethel Knight-Molison. W. P. Carleton. Joseph Arthur's new play, "The Cherry Pickers," now running successfully at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.—Photograph by 'ack Brothers.



George Fawcett. Edward Moyan.

E. J. Hatcliffe.

Doré Davison.

#### THE ROBBERY

TWO SCENES FROM PIERRE DECOURCELLE'S MELODRAMA "TWO LITTLE VAGRANTS," PRODUCED THIS WEEK AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Photographs by Chickering.



Minnie Dupree.

Jessie Busley

#### THE MEETING OF THE LITTLE VAGRANTS.

### PLAYS AND PLAYERS NOW ON THE NEW YORK STAGE.

[SEE PAGE 367.]



# THE PULSE OF A GREAT CITY.

If a stranger in New York should ask me to point out the most interesting thoroughfare in the city, I would not hesitate a moment in selecting Fourteenth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Even the last-named highway, world-famed as it is, lacks the essentials which combine to make Fourteenth Street a centre of retail trade, a home of art, literature, and song, a fountain-head of modern thought and enterprise; a latter-day Athens and Phœnicia in one!

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I am jesting, but let him ask himself where else on the world's surface may be found within so limited a space as complete a picture of human industry in all its branches, as perfect a mirror of the progress of the nineteenth century? Here, everything is up to date, from the latest bicycle costume, at something-and-ninety-seven cents at Racy's big emporium, to the beautiful crayon, "including frame," manufactured by the dozen in the various "art studios" along the block. These studios, I imagine, are not any the less the pride and hope of American art for being conducted by Russian Hebrews who turn out about five hundred portraits a day, averaging three dollars apiece, and thus exemplify afresh the advantages of system and method, whether



"SPIDER JOHN," THE PHOTOGRAPH-VENDER.



THE OLD SAILOR.



CHEAP FLOWERS FOR SALE BY IMPORTUNATE VENDERS.

applied to the field of industry or of art. Other branches of art are practiced upon a similar scale on Fourteenth Street. Classes in music, singing and recitation add another life to the traffic on the street, the eager students numbering legion, whatever their branch, be it even "hand-painting" on china or porcelain, being rendered perfect—according to the prospectus—in six lessons.

The sidewalks, however, are really the most interesting part of Fourteenth Street, with their ceaseless procession of shoppers, peddlers, fakirs, flower-venders, and mendicant musicians; and, as these personages lend themselves more easily to portrayal in black and white, I have selected them for my subjects in the accompanying pictures. Doubtless, all who have ever sauntered along this thoroughfare will recognize the scene in which the flower-sellers are seen in the act of bombarding a helpless female with their obtrusive offers. These pests would seem to be proof against police interference, for though occasionally arrested and fined, it has, so far, been found impossible to suppress them. They think little or nothing of thrusting their wares into the faces of their victims, whom they also jostle and insult on occasion. The ancient mariner in another picture will also be recognized by many as one of the living landmarks of the street, which he has haunted many a year, and the uncanny individ-



BALLOONS FOR THE CHILDREN.



THE BLUE-COATED SAMARITAN.

ual with his box of photographs on a tripod, who is known to the street gamin as "Spider John," will also, doubtless, awaken a thrill in such of his victims as see his picture. Spider John, while ostensibly selling portraits of celebrities, does a profitable business in disposing of packages of so-called "French pictures" to the unwary, in whose minds he succeeds in creating an impression that they are receiving erotic designs in return for their dollar. It is a case of "biter bit," however, for John's pictures prove on investigation to be entirely innocuous. He is a fair specimen in the main of the Fourteenth Street peddler who sells his wares at a hundred per cent. profit or more, and deserves suppression, many might think, as an obstacle to traffic if for no other reason. Still, for my own part, I consider that his presence adds a picturesque interest to a thoroughfare almost unique in that respect in the city of New York.

V. G.



## THE WINNER OF THE PRIZE.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

## PART II.

STILL another surprise awaited Skeene before he left the Vallance household. While the guests were thinning out, and just after the departure of Maxwell Volmar, Helen gave him one of her delicate and royal little nods.

"Did you see me talking with Mr. Volmar?" she asked, when he had obeyed the signal.

"No," he replied. "Were you? I must have been talking to somebody else." This did not appear to please Helen. But she knew it was true, knowing Skeene so well. If she had suspected otherwise she might have been far less pleased.

"I was scolding him about you."

"About me?"

"I told him his abuse of you in the *Criterion* was shameful, and that lots of people think it springs from the rankest jealousy."

Skeene smiled down upon her with his gentle gray eyes. "For which you are accountable?" he said, in his suave, loitering way.

Helen reddened a little. "I had no such idea whatever!"

"Oh, excuse me."

"It's just that tranquillity of yours, which I've learned isn't affectation, but which maddens him into keeping the thing up. He half confessed as much. Don't you understand?"

Skeene gave a soft laugh. "I understand that he certainly keeps the thing up. He appears to keep it up with an immense industry."

Helen echoed the laugh. "There! He's nettled that you don't care anything about it!"

"I certainly don't. I haven't seen a copy of the *Criterion* since some time last month—and then by accident. I've too many other things to care for. My own scribbles, for instance—and charming girls who wear audacious green gowns that are by no means becoming to them, all in all, yet that they can carry off brilliantly, because of their—"

"Positively," shot in Helen, with tartness, "he dislikes your work—the style of it, and the plan of it. He's honest in that respect."

"I didn't suppose he wasn't. Good heavens! what a bore to fabricate such anathemas if he were not!"

"But he never succeeds in irritating you, and you bow to him as if nothing had happened, and you're much more successful than he is, and he can't move you in the least, and so he goes on. I gathered this, you know. He didn't confess it to me."

"How forbearing of him!"

Helen gave him a full stare with her lucid and limpid eyes. He saw her demure mouth dimple at the corners and the rims of her nostrils faintly dilate. "Upon my word, this is superb!"

"Thanks."

"I don't believe you dislike him a bit!"

"I dislike your liking him as you do," he said, with sudden warmth.

She lowered her eyes. "Oh, you don't want any one to like me but yourself?"

"Quite right. I don't."

Her repressed voice took an excited ring. "You put three-quarters of yourself into your books—your admirable books," she exclaimed. "I've told you so before. The woman who marries you will have to be contented with the other quarter."

"You've told me that before, too," said Skeene, his tones roughening, "and it's terribly unjust and unkind of you. Terribly!" As he pronounced the last word he put out his hand, and so conspicuously that she must either take it or else brave comment.

"You're going away angry?" she said.

"Of course. I nearly always do, nowadays. What could make any man angrier than to be persistently misjudged by the woman he adores?"

Her lips parted as if in reply, but Skeene resolutely bowed himself away from her.

Before the next evening he had come into possession of a bulky package, which he opened with ominous feelings. It proved to contain the two rival manuscripts. Both were typewritten, as Farquhar had said, and their outward similarity was marked. Neither bore any name, one rule of the contest having stipulated that the authors' names should reach the *Advocate* in sealed envelopes, which should be unclosed only after the victor was chosen.

The name of one novel was "Alanthon: a Romance." Skeene partly unshathed it from its own special brown-paper wrapping and read several passages here and there.

"H'm!" he thought. "Tremendously idealistic; but fine—decidedly fine."

The name of the other novel was "The Comedy of Cordelia." Of this he also read several passages, and soon found himself laughing aloud.

"Why, this," he mused, "is the very rarest

comedy! How immensely original, yet true, is that 'Mrs. Chichester,' and how amazingly droll is her daughter, 'Kitty'!" His strong sense of humor became fascinated. He read on and on. The winter light darkened in his library; he lit his lamp and still continued reading. It was past his dinner-hour when he had finished the tale.

"Delightful—admirable!" he decided. "And Bobby Westwood wrote it, beyond all doubt! To think that Bobby, who does paint pretty bad pictures, should be able to write so fresh and funny and witty and even pathetic a story! I couldn't have treated the theme with half his grace and lightness and power. Of course I recognize the plot—hasn't he told it me half a dozen times? Dear Bobby! Bravo! This other thing—this 'Alanthon'—has got to be a very big masterpiece, on different lines, to beat it!"

His heart was so full of joy at the idea of being the benevolent agency which would reward the effort of his dear friend, that excitement almost took away his appetite; and while dining he felt far hungrier for the pages of "Alanthon" than for the soup and cutlet placed before him. Five thousand dollars would be such a godsend to Bobby! It would send him to Paris for at least two years of hard study in one of the best ateliers—a project he had long yearned to carry out. As for this other fellow, this writer of the romance, he must indeed be a genius to convince his forthcoming judge that he deserved the prize. While beginning to busy himself with the second manuscript, Skeene felt assailed by a discomfiting dread. The judicial attitude now seemed to him fraught with difficulty; and the judicial attitude was the only honest one conceivable in the circumstances. He had an impulse to return both manuscripts to Farquhar, with "Alanthon" unread, and give, as an excuse for doing so, his recognition, in "The Comedy of Cordelia," of the work of an intimate and cherished friend.

But then came the thought: Would such a course be fair to Bobby? Emphatically no, he soon concluded, and began the perusal of "Alanthon."

The first chapter struck him as powerful, but somewhat dull. The second enthralled him by its prophecies of a drama, unusual, psychologic, intense. It soon became very clear to him why the committee of six had been equally divided regarding these two novels, and why they had survived, as candidates for final nomination, all other proffered fiction. He was naturally a quick reader, and his eyes soon darted over page after page of "Alanthon." Here was no comedy, but tragedy to thrill the stolidest heart. The two central figures were nobly drawn; the graphic rush of the narrative made one think of a blooded steed reigned in by a hand of iron. The incidents were fiery, but never flamboyant; the sentiment was fervid, but never hysterical. The ending had an inevitableness that justified its gloom and sorrow. Of the last brief episode he could only say: "This must have been; it is at once the essence both of logic and art."

When Skeene had finished "Alanthon" he drew a long sigh and looked at his watch. The hour, ceasing to be late, had grown early. He went to one of his high windows and looked forth upon the lamp-studded town. In the eastern sky there was a gash of silver.

"Poor Bobby!" he murmured aloud.

There was no second prize offered by the *Advocate*. How infinite would have been his comfort were this only true! For of course he could not but award to "Alanthon" the prize. There was simply no other course to take.

Tears moistened his eyes while he put Bobby's novel back in the wrapper and rearranged about it the elastic that kept in place its pliant creases. Then for "Alanthon" he did the same, but while so occupied he saw something square and white, like a folded note, slip from between the brown layers of this other enveloping paper.

It was indeed a note, and by some strange happening it had lain concealed till now, dislodged, no doubt, by the slant of the writing-desk on which it had lately rested. Carelessly, at first, Skeene opened it. Then he grew white, and his hands shook. It was an ordinary missive enough—an invitation to dine, dated weeks ago. But it began, "Dear Mr. Volmar," and it was signed "Helen Vallance."

So the authorship of "Alanthon" was revealed to him by accident. It was the work of his enemy—his detractor—Maxwell Volmar!

For some time he sat quite still. Then he rose and paced the floor of his library from end to end many times. He felt himself in the grip of a tremendous temptation. Till that time he had never known how tenderly he loved Bobby Westwood.

"It will be so easy," said an insidious voice within his soul. "Nobody will ever know that

you liked 'Alanthon' better. You will be doing your friend an incomparable service. Week after week that jealous foe has been abusing you. And more than this: he loves the woman you love. His triumph, added to the fact of the famous name he inherits, might now cause her to accept him. You would not be human to take that other course. Seat yourself at your desk instantly and write Farquhar a note, telling him that you give the prize to 'The Comedy of Cordelia.' Do not delay. Remember, you will be performing an act of friendship. Think of Bobby's delight—and your own. You can put a stamp on your letter and leave it outside in the box of the public hall. When you wake to-morrow it will have disappeared, and your good deed will have become irrevocable."

Then another voice: "You gave your word to Farquhar. He trusts you as a man of honor. True, your lie will never be discovered, but it must always rankle in your conscience, and leave there a stain of secret shame. True, also, you might tell Farquhar that you prefer to pass no judgment upon either novel, since you have curiously discovered the authorship of each. But this course would be an injustice to your friend; for Farquhar, learning the truth, would promptly assume that if the superiority of Bobby's book had been markedly manifest to you, you would so have stated. Then again, you might tell Farquhar that, for reasons which you could not give, it seemed best to leave the judgment in other hands. But here you would be doing your own self-respect an injustice. For when Farquhar found out the real authorship of the work, as he would be sure to do, he would recollect both your intimacy with Bobby Westwood and the unequal relations between yourself and Volmar. That you could rise above neither, after having given him your word as a gentleman as to the complete impartiality of your posture, would naturally lessen you in his esteem. Besides, and apart from all these questions, there remains one fact: you think 'Alanthon' a masterpiece. No matter if Satan wrote it, or the angel Gabriel; as an artist, the personality of its author should not concern you. And from whom should be expected this detached and unimpassioned loyalty if not from yourself?"

The next day, while Farquhar was seated in his office, a large brown-paper parcel was brought him, accompanied by a letter from Skeene.

"Ah," the editor was presently soliloquizing, "and so he puts 'Alanthon' foremost." Farquhar immediately gave orders to have the authorship of this novel searched for and verified.

"Maxwell Volmar," he said to himself, somewhat later, with not a little astonishment and chagrin. "Almost out of half creation I'd have preferred it should not be that man! He has repeatedly had his fling at us in the *Criterion*, and he tried to snub me once when I sat next him at a public dinner. I wonder that Skeene didn't recognize certain ear-marks in 'Alanthon.' Perhaps he did. But then Skeene is just the kind of man with whom that would make no difference. I chose him for his unique blending of high ability with high conscientiousness." Here a smile of weary irony swept over the big bewhiskered face. "So much does one get for being relentlessly honest!"

At this same hour Skeene sat in Bobby's studio. Those who had thought him cold and unfeeling—who had believed, like Helen Vallance, that he put three-quarters of himself into his books, and that the woman who married him must be content with the other quarter—would have wondered to see him now.

He had utterly unbosomed himself to Bobby. He had not spared a single detail of his temptation and struggle. He was very pale, and tears were shining on his cheeks—tears that came again after he wiped them away.

And Bobby?

Bobby was laughing (a trifle nervously and out of tune, it is true) and was clasping both his hands with tightest pressure and shaking them up and down, as he said:

"Don't bother about me, Hu. I understand it all perfectly. It all means—you are a gentleman! And as if I didn't know that before! I've always thought you a perfect one—now I think you an ideal one! And as for my 'Comedy of Cordelia,' it simply dizzies me to discover that you admire it so. Why, you'll say a good word for it now; don't you see, and your recommendation will make some magazine or syndicate publish it before it appears in book form. There's the new *Transcontinental Magazine*, by the way. If you should speak up for me valiantly to the editor, eh? You told me the other day that he had asked you to conduct a department there, and that the strain of your regular work had forced you to refuse."

"By Jove, Bobby!" cried Skeene; "a glorious idea! I'll carry it out."

And Skeene did. And here it may be mentioned that the *Transcontinental* printed "The Comedy of Cordelia," and that it made a very decided hit. Such a decided hit, in fact, that

Bobby is now engaged upon another story, while the colors have a very dry look on his palette, quite often, when Skeene drops into his studio, and two or three of his unfinished landscapes (those incorrigibly mediocre landscapes!) are not seldom stuck off into obscure corners. And Skeene, loving him as he does, shudders at this change of professional base, since Bobby, who wrote one good book spontaneously and instinctively, almost without effort, and cleared from it a clean cheque for three thousand dollars, is just the person to write, deliberately and very painstakingly, a second book that will be the flattest of flat failures. However, Skeene has his occasional hopes to the contrary, stimulated by Bobby's own ardent confidence.

But this is what the old-fashioned story-tellers used to call "anticipating." Skeene left Bobby's studio that day in a very sombre frame of mind. He was not caring about Maxwell Volmar's victory, save for its effect upon Helen. He felt assured that she could not learn how it had come about, for Farquhar had made secrecy one of the terms of the umpireship, and he himself had solemnly enjoined strict silence upon Bobby before leaving him. Still, he could not doubt that Helen, when they again met, would refer to her friend's good fortune. Before the world knew she would probably know, and it was not pleasant to think of her breaking the mighty news to him. So he stayed away from her till the *Advocate* announced its decision in huge headlines, with a portrait of Maxwell Volmar. And after that he somehow still continued to absent himself. Then, one morning, he received a note from her, asking him to lunch that same day. He went, wondering if he should meet Volmar there. Helen (with her perverse belief in his "coldness") was capable of any such capricious act.

But, no; she received him quite alone, and they seated themselves at a charming table, all aglow with cut-glass and silver, an empty chair being on either side of them. "Mamma," Helen explained, had a headache (which he doubted), and a certain Mr. Pomfret had just sent a regret. Skeene presently began to doubt both Mr. Pomfret's invitation and regret. He didn't quite know why; except that Helen was Helen, and this morning her eyes had a peculiar provocative softness, which reminded him of the last time, several months ago, when he had asked her to marry him and she had suddenly told him that to be his sister and dear friend was one of the happiest hopes of her life.

After luncheon they went into the second drawing-room, which was dim with half-closed tapestries and aglimmer with restless flashes of firelight. Till now Helen had spoken of everything except Maxwell Volmar's great success.

"Were you surprised?" she asked, suddenly referring to it.

Skeene scarcely heard the question. His look was fascinated by the play of flame-tints on one thick strand of her hair. "Surprised?" he echoed, and then flushed somewhat. "N-no."

"You thought him clever enough, then, to do it?"

"I'm not very familiar with his fiction." After a slight pause—"Though I'm told he makes himself very familiar with mine."

In the general vagueness he did not see her under-lip quiver. "And so you're neither glad nor sorry that he's won the prize?"

"If he deserves it I'm glad—in one way."

"How is that?" she quickly questioned. "In one way and not in another? What is the other way?"

He hesitated, staring at the floor. "Oh, I don't mind telling you," he at length said, with something between a sigh and a laugh. "The prize might have been won by a very dear friend of mine. He was among the competitors, you know."

"Yes, I do know," she returned, her voice altering, her cheeks glowing, her eyes kindling. "It was Bobby Westwood."

Skeene gave a great start. "He's told you. The little traitor—he's told you!"

"Yes." She put out her hand, which he sprang to take. "It was magnificent!"

"Ah," he cried, devouring her face with his look, "if you only loved me, now would be my time!"

"I loved you," she answered, steadily, though her lips trembled, "two years ago, and longer. But still—"

"Helen!"

"But still, I never believed in you till now—more shame to me, perhaps—more shame to me!"

Her words died away in a sob, as Skeene dropped her hand and caught her to his heart.

"I, after all," he murmured, a little later, "am the winner of the prize!"

[THE END.]

## The Imperishable Flower.

It matters not if we outlive  
All vernal grace that youth can give,  
If faith, with prescient fragrance rife,  
Blooms 'mid the falling leaves of life.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.



## WOMEN LAWYERS.

THE woman lawyer is largely a development of the last twenty-five years and of this country. There were two hundred and eight women lawyers in the United States in 1890. Though no census has been taken since then it is safe to say that the number now is at least five hundred. No other country has half as many women in the legal profession. The prejudice and opposition which so long obstructed their progress are rapidly disappearing. Women are now being received and recognized by their brother members of the profession, as was very recently illustrated when a New York judge appointed several prominent New York women lawyers to receiverships. This is the first time women have had such appointments, and the act of the court is regarded as a distinct step in their progress at the Bar.



MRS. KATE PIER.

this or any other country was Mrs. Ada H. Kepley, of Illinois, who completed her law course in the Northwestern University, Chicago, in 1870.

The experience of Mrs. Clara Foltz, who is now a practicing lawyer in this city, illustrates the difficulties women have had to contend with in the past in following legal pursuits. Left a widow with children while yet a young woman, she determined to practice law in California, despite the fact that the State code gave no authority to women to enter the legal profession. That obstacle was soon removed, and she attempted to enter the Hastings College in San Francisco. The faculty refused to admit her, and she brought a suit which was finally decided in her favor. She was admitted to practice in the District Court of California, then

in the California Supreme Court, and finally in the Supreme Court of the United States, achieving, after many difficulties, a complete triumph in her fight for legal status as a lawyer. Another woman who was early admitted to practice in the United States courts is Mrs. Emma H. Haddock, who is now a member of the faculty of the Iowa State University.

Chicago is said to have more women lawyers than any other city in the country. Of these Ellen A. Martin is one of the most prominent, and has been longest a practitioner. She made her first essay at the law in Chicago nineteen years ago. A remarkable woman lawyer of Chicago is Miss Blanche Fearing, who is a poet as well as a lawyer, and has done excellent work in both fields, in spite of a great handicap. She is totally blind. Milwaukee has a family of women lawyers. Mrs. Kate Pier and her three daughters have all been admitted to the Bar and are in active practice, with a business which is already large and is rapidly growing.

There are many other prominent women lawyers in the various cities, and their work proves



EMMA HUMPHREY HADDOCK, FIRST WOMAN ADMITTED TO PRACTICE IN UNITED STATES CIRCUIT AND DISTRICT COURTS.

The courts for a long time discouraged the legal aspirations of women. When the late Myra C. Bradwell applied in 1870 for permission to practice law in Illinois the supreme court of that State denied her application, and its decision was affirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, the only dissenting opinion being that of Chief Justice Chase. Three years afterward the Legislature of Illinois passed a law providing that no person should be precluded from any occupation, except military, on account of sex. This started the movement in favor of the women, and now it is not believed that any State would offer serious objections to women practicing in its courts. Most of the law-schools accept women pupils, although three of the most prominent—those of Columbia, Yale, and Harvard—still take the old conservative view of the matter and admit men only. The law departments of the University of Michigan and the New York University have graduated more women than any others in the country. The first woman graduated from a law-school in



MRS. CLARA FOLTZ, LAWYER IN NEW YORK CITY.

the falsity of the old belief that women have neither the inclination nor the ability to master the intricacies of the law. It is true that a woman arguing a case before a jury is a rarity, but it must be remembered that the great bulk of legal business is done out of court, and not in it. In a talk with the writer on women in the law Mrs. Cornelia Hood, of Brooklyn, who is the founder of the Women's Legal Education Society, has the following to say:

"I think the time is coming when a knowledge of the law will be considered an essential part of the education of both men and women. In the last few years the Legislatures in most of the States have very considerably augmented women's civil rights and are continuing to do so. To understand and reap the benefit of her new position in the eyes of the law woman must have some legal knowledge; when she acquires the right to take part in the affairs of government through her ballot she will be at a great disadvantage if she does not know something of legal principles. I believe that women lawyers will be in demand in the near future, and therefore I think that the law is a good profession for bright women. It is no more difficult than other professions for women



ADA H. KEPLEY, FIRST WOMAN GRADUATE FROM A LAW SCHOOL.



ELLEN A. MARTIN, IN ACTIVE PRACTICE IN CHICAGO FOR NINETEEN YEARS.

whose reasoning powers are good, and is just as interesting when once entered. The woman practitioner need not go into the courts unless she desires to. A great many lawyers have lucrative office practices, and a clever woman may do a great deal of business managing estates for women and advising them in matters of law. I do not believe, however, that women need have any trepidation about practicing in the courts. The few who have attempted it have been remarkably successful. They have received the closest attention from juries, and the judges have in most cases treated them in all respects like their masculine fellow-lawyers. The public is rapidly becoming accustomed to women lawyers. It is beginning to appreciate the fact that they are careful, conscientious, and capable."

### The Transportation of Grain.

THE wheat crop of India is inadequate this year, together with that of the Argentine Republic, as well as along the Danube. The consequence is that Europe and Asia must purchase of America the plentiful golden harvest so abundantly yielded by the fertile prairies. California sends boat-loads over the Pacific to India, but Europe must get her cargoes over the Atlantic, and New York is henceforth the ultimate port for shipping in that direction from this country.

But before reaching New York the corn and wheat of Kansas and other great grain States has to make a journey inland of a couple of thousand miles, more or less. The Kansas farmer brings his crops to the nearest railway-station to deposit in the local elevator, where it is again loaded on freight-cars, to be linked in the long chain of trains that run incessantly across the country, making with all possible speed for Chicago, where, after the grain inspector has pronounced it up to grade, it is poured into the chutes on either side of the track, from whence it is immediately caught up by conveyors, to be carried into the cupola on the top of the elevator.



MISS BLANCHE FEARING, LAWYER AND AUTHOR.

The next stage of the journey is the trip by boat to Buffalo. The grain exporter on the board of trade has to bargain with the vessel broker for transportation rates. These are very close, and the matter is quickly disposed of. The captain of the steamer comes up with his clearance, and the tally-man takes record of every bushel which goes into the boat. The hold is perfectly clean and all is in readiness when it is moored to the dock alongside of the gigantic elevator. The cargo is weighed in weighing hoppers, as all grain must be weighed before shipping. After being discharged from the weighing hopper it is turned into spouts that pour the golden streams into the hold of the boat, until it is loaded to its full capacity. Boats are loaded in Chicago at the rate of six thousand bushels an hour, so in a couple of hours an average cargo is on board and the boat steaming up Lake Michigan on its way to Buffalo.

Wheat raised in the Dakotas and Manitoba is all shipped from Duluth. Ninety-eight per cent. of all grain goes by lake on its way to New York, and this traffic from all points enters port at Buffalo.

The shipping season of this year started in with the most promising prospects, but fell far short of expectations, especially later in the season, August being considered very dull; so that vessel-men who were better prepared for handling freight than ever before were thoroughly discouraged. But toward the latter part of the season an almost unprecedented activity set in, caused by the low prices of food supplies in this country and the scarcity of breadstuffs in Europe. Corn could be bought in Chicago for from twenty-three to twenty-five cents a bushel. Europe, while short on wheat, had plenty of money and was a good customer. Rates for transportation are very low, and the middleman gets only about two cents per bushel from Kansas to Liverpool. All this combined to make the rush of traffic tremendous. The one thing needed is the speediest delivery of the wares. The consequence is now that every old railway-car is forced into service to carry the grain to Chicago; and likewise every tub afloat, and running from Duluth and Chicago to Buffalo, where a blockade is the result, boats being for a week or more without getting the chance to unload. All storage room in elevators was taken, and cargoes already billed for ocean transportation are of necessity much delayed. Every possible means for disposing of traffic has been resorted to, and the old canal is more used than for a generation past, which fact will illustrate the urgent need in this respect.

The election of McKinley and the resultant unmistakable evidence of better times will increase the congestion still more, while Buffalo is in sore straits already and unable to speed the traffic on to the seaboard without considerable delay.

The total shipment of grain of all kinds—wheat, corn, etc.—through the St. Mary's Canal to September 1st was 45,765,257 bushels, against 11,671,987 bushels on the corresponding date of a year ago. The *Scientific American* gives the following statement of the number of elevators and their capacity for some leading cities:

| Name of city.    | Number of stationary elevators. | Capacity in bushels. |
|------------------|---------------------------------|----------------------|
| New York.....    | 27                              | 27,275,000           |
| Chicago.....     | 26                              | 28,675,000           |
| Duluth.....      | 14                              | 19,200,000           |
| Minneapolis..... | 16                              | 13,290,000           |
| St. Louis.....   | 19                              | 11,950,000           |
| Milwaukee.....   | 9                               | 5,430,000            |
| Detroit.....     | 4                               | 2,900,000            |
| Peoria.....      | 5                               | 2,150,000            |

Roughly estimated, there are 2,400,000,000 bushels of crop under way of transportation. This would fill 3,700,300 cars. The train would be 23,285 miles long, and would almost make a girdle around the globe. From this amount deduct what is needed for home consumption. The shipments by lake for October were enormous; taking all kinds of grain, these shipments amounted to 22,000,000 bushels. Bearing in mind that ninety-two per cent. of the grain traffic goes by lake, and that this superabundance is shipped by way of Buffalo, the heavy blockade of this active end of the season is not to be wondered at.

This little review of the transportation of grain when there are deficiencies in some part of the world and a surplus in another is as good a practical illustration of the immutable law of supply and demand as we often see. Political economy was talked to great effect during the recent campaign, and the story of wheat clutches all good arguments. F. S. S.

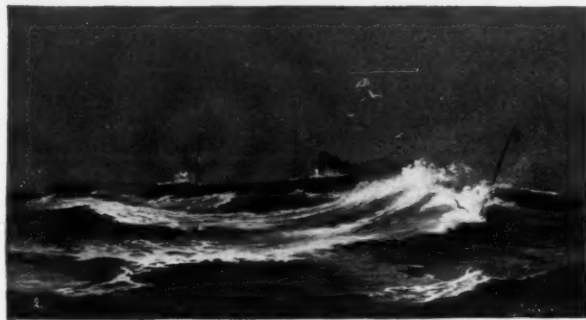




1.  
STORING WHEAT IN THE CRIBS  
OF THE DAKOTAS.



3  
THE ARMOUR ELEVATOR, CHICAGO, THE  
LARGEST IN THE WORLD.



4  
MODERN TYPE OF GRAIN CARRIERS ON THE GREAT LAKES.



ELEVATOR, SOUTH CHICAGO.



5  
DULUTH BOUND GRAIN STEAMERS PASSING  
THROUGH THE CANADIAN SOO.



6  
GRAIN BLOCKADE—BUFFALO BOATS WAITING TO BE UNLOADED.

TRANSPORTATION OF GRAIN FROM WEST TO EAST.



ELEVATOR EMPTYING CANAL-BOATS.

FLOATING ELEVATOR TRANSFERRING GRAIN TO STEAMSHIP FOR EXPORT.

ELEVATORS IN NEW YORK RECEIVING AND DISCHARGING GRAIN.

TRANSPORTATION OF AMERICAN GRAIN.

[SEE PAGE 363.]

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MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.  
Photograph by Aimé Dupont.



MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN.



MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL ON THE BIKE.  
From a photograph by James Nottman.

## ACTRESSES AS BICYCLE RIDERS.

[SEE PAGE 306.]  
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## CYCLING STARS OF THE STAGE.

"But I cannot! I cannot! Oh, it ees too dreadful, to walk out before all those people in this! Oh-h-h-h!" A prolonged burst of laughter broke upon the air, and Anna Held, Anna in a ravishing bicycle suit of white, with a heart-breaking cap to match, set jauntily on her fluffy hair, came tripping daintily down the steps of a swell shop, where the aforesaid suit had been made to order, and, still tripping daintily, took her way out to the curb, where her victoria awaited her. Her blonde, waving hair curled bewitchingly about the brim of the cap and made riotous little tangles all about her face; her slender waist was tightly encircled with a black velvet band—no Venus of Milo effect there!—her little feet peeped in and out—or, rather, they peeped out most of the time, for the skirt was of the very shortest for riding, and the bicycle-boots that encircled the trim and shapely legs met the black satin



MILDRED HOLLAND.

bloomers that were worn under the skirt. The suit was of white serge, the seams of the skirt outlined with a narrow piping of black velvet, and the tight-fitting waist was treated in the same manner. The fair singer reached the curb without a fatal mishap, and, once more seated in her victoria, was whirled away to the photographer's, with the result seen on another page. Anna Held, the Parisian, who is at present the rage of the town, is an ardent and accomplished wheelwoman, and her rare appearances in the park since she has been here have created a mild sensation. The fair and plump Anna herself in her bloomers is a sight fit to make the veriest cynic forego his scruples and put all his womankind in bloomers for the rest of their natural lives.

But there are women and women!

Cissy Fitzgerald, the coy and coquettish Cissy, whose wink has of late been more alluring than usual, is also a cyclist, and is one of the coterie of the theatrical galaxy who add to the joy of nations and the picturesqueness of the cycling contingent. Miss Fitzgerald has for some time been as clever on the wheel as she is off of it—and that really means something in this case. In truth, she is one of the most accomplished wheelwomen in or about New York, and her natty costumes a wheel are the envy of the fair sex who see her go spinning gayly through the park on pleasure bent. One of her most attractive wheeling costumes is of dark blue cloth with linings and pipings of crimson satin, the short, full skirt falling easily over the black satin knickerbockers, and the outfit completed by the neat, double-breasted jacket and the little black cap.

Every one knows that Lillian Russell is one of the devotees of the bicycle. Miss Russell and her gold-mounted wheel—not to mention wheels mounted in silver, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, equipped with a diamond headlight, and studded with precious stones, if various reports may be relied upon—have for some time been a familiar sight. Miss Russell has never looked better in her life, on the stage or off it, than she does on her wheel in a suit of pale gray cloth, simple and perfectly fitting, the skirt one of those triumphs of mind over matter that does not flop in the ungraceful manner that falls to the lot of too many in this year of grace and bicycles. Miss Russell is ardently devoted to the pleasures of the wheel, and has not found anything in it to destroy symmetrical curves and injure those graces which have so endeared her to the public.

Georgia Cayvan, Pauline Hall, Mrs. Potter, Effie Ellsler, and Mildred Holland must be added to the list of cyclists. Blanche Walsh is another, and it is said that Maxine Elliott has recently succumbed to the fascinations of the wheel. Pauline Hall likes to ride in the morning; Mrs. Potter is fond of a moonlight spin; Effie Ellsler is devoted to knickerbockers;

Blanche Walsh is one of the most fetching figures that can be found a wheel. Miss Mildred Holland is not a graceful but a daring wheelwoman, and can cover the ground at a speed fit to surprise many amateurs. She wears either skirts or bloomers, according to the occasion, and is a firm believer in the rational costume for women. In fact, nearly all are, and they further favor the short skirt for rainy days, for business and professional women.

Olga Nethersole learned to ride the wheel in Kansas City, and the more staid of the inhabitants of that town were treated to the sight of the fair Olga spinning along on her bicycle in a fascinating suit of light gray in the morning, and an equally fascinating outfit of white duck knickerbockers in the afternoon. Miss Nethersole soon mastered the intricacies of the silent steed, and soon became a familiar figure in the Western city, out for a smart spin, riding with all the grace and assurance of an experienced cyclist. Della Fox is an ardent devotee of the wheel, and declares herself in favor of the skirt for most rides, although she wears bloomers or knickerbockers for her long rides in the country. One of her most fetching wheeling outfits was of brown duck, with a very short skirt and a short sack-coat to match, with low shoes and brown leggings. An exceedingly swell and becoming suit made for her autumn cycling is of hunter's green, a short skirt worn over black satin knickerbockers, a double-breasted short coat worn over a soft shirt-waist, a jaunty cap to match the suit, and high boots. Thus mounted the charming soubrette has been spinning about of late, and has created a mild sensation whenever she appeared in the Park or out on the tempting stretch of the Boulevard or the Riverside Drive.

Blanche Walsh, who will be remembered as a very beautiful and successful "Trilby," is an all-round athlete, and is as fine a specimen of the up-to-date young woman who has cultivated her muscles and developed her physique as one could find in a day's journey.

Calvé, Eames, Nordica, and all the opera stars caught the cycling fever during the latter days of last season, and learned to ride, as did also the de Reszkés and Maurel. Madame Melba learned readily, and was mistress of the wheel in a very short time, but the others, especially Calvé, required a great deal of attention from the teachers before they became proficient in the art. All have been devoted to the recreation this past summer. None of the ladies have appeared in the up-to-date costume of knickerbockers. Surely the stage thus far has contributed its share to the popular recreation of cycling. MARY C. FRANCIS.

## Our North Atlantic Squadron.

UNLESS hostilities with Spain arise out of the Cuban situation it is probable that the North Atlantic Squadron will rendezvous for the winter's practice and drill in the waters adjacent to Fort Monroe, as was the case last winter. It was a noble squadron that made that historic place its headquarters last winter. It will be more than a squadron that will be there this winter ready for all emergencies; it will be a fleet. In it will be two battle-ships of the first-class, not surpassed in fighting efficiency by any battle-ships afloat, the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*; two second-class battle-ships of splendid ability, notwithstanding the bad name that unfortunately attaches to one of them, the *Maine* and *Texas*; three modern monitors, really of the battle-ship grade, the *Paritan*, the *Miantonomoh*, and the *Amphitrite*, the *Paritan* being unsurpassed anywhere as a fighting machine; two magnificent armored cruisers, the *New York* and *Brooklyn*; the fleet naval greyhound, *Columbia*; and smaller cruisers like the *Montgomery* and *Raleigh*. As a reserve force there are the ram *Katahdin* and the so-called dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, the like of which are possessed by no other navy in the world. Then there will be the torpedo-boats *Cushing* and *Ericsson*, and possibly two or three other boats of this grade before the winter closes.

All these ships will make a magnificent fleet. For the first time since the Civil War this country will have together what might be called a fairly complete fleet, every grade of naval fighting being represented. Furthermore, the fleet will be symmetrical and up to date. It will challenge comparison with any fleet of any other nation. We have a navy once more, and the entire world knows it. No nation realizes it more keenly than Spain.

It takes a tremendous amount of work to bring out the full efficiency of modern warships. Our officers and men are new to them. Many problems are still not worked out, but there is compensation in the fact that other

nations are no better off than we are in this respect. No system of signaling from ship to ship in time of battle has as yet been devised. It is even unsettled where the executive officer of each ship shall be stationed during a conflict. Just how every man shall be stationed about the ship at such a time, so as to make him most useful, has not been decided. Some of the signaling arrangements from one part of a ship to another part are crude. In a fight it is reasonable to expect that American pluck and shrewdness would overcome most of these difficulties to the advantage of an antagonist. Our traditions and experiences in naval warfare indicate this.

There are certain primary matters in naval warfare, however, that are common to all fleets. These have to do with constant drilling of ships and men. The best-drilled fleet, other things being equal, has the advantage. It was for this reason that Admiral Bunce—last winter, spring and summer—put the North Atlantic Squadron through as thorough and prolonged a series of maneuvers as any squadron ever went through. After each important evolution exhaustive reports from the officers were submitted, and week by week new problems were studied and new difficulties were overcome.

The illustrations on page 368 give some idea of this activity on land as well as on shipboard. In one picture we have a group of Jack tars, showing the intelligent and active material of which the new navy is made. In another picture we see a crew of a small gun at general quarters sighting the enemy and preparing to fire. In another, part of the marines of the fleet are drawn up on dress-parade. In another we see the marines drawn up on the after deck of a cruiser on some occasion of ceremony. Still another shows the torpedo about to be placed in the tube preparatory to launching. Another picture shows two sailors at fencing exercise, and another shows a landing party sweeping over the bay in small boats.

All of these pictures are mere hints of the vigorous routine of a fleet developing its powers. The more important maneuvers of ships, of course, cannot be presented in detached pictures; nor can the routine of drills that goes on from day to day and week to week, involving the most arduous labor and ever-watchful supervision, be presented in a group of illustrations. It is enough for the American people to know that such drills are going on constantly, that no effort is spared to bring the ships and men to a state of comparative perfection, and that, if the winter gives the men of the navy an opportunity to display this efficiency, the country will have occasion to feel a just pride in its modern navy.

## A Sociological Study of New York.

A NEW religious organization has been formed within the past year in New York which promises to realize in a large and practical way some of the plans of church unity which have been the subject of discussion in religious circles for a long period. This organization is known as the Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City. It is organized on a non-sectarian and undenominational basis. Over one hundred churches have already joined the federation, and it numbers among its officers, supporters, and advocates many of the prominent churchmen of the metropolis, clerical and lay. The chief objects of the federation are to collect accurate statistical information concerning the social and religious conditions and needs of the city population, to prevent the unnecessary multiplication and overlapping of religious societies, and to bring about a unity and concentration of effort among the churches in reaching and helping the people of the tenement regions generally.

The first work to which the federation set itself was to make a sociological canvass of one of the most densely populated tenement districts of the city. It chose for this purpose the Fifteenth Assembly District, a region containing a population of forty thousand, lying between Forty-third and Fifty-third streets, and running from Eighth Avenue to the Hudson River. A corps of canvassers were employed under the direction of an officer of the federation, and set at work in the district. Their inquiries were directed to finding out the nationality of the people, church membership and attendance, school attendance, day and Sunday, employments and wages received, environments for good and for evil, home surroundings and family conditions. This canvass extended over many months and was very carefully and thoroughly done. The results have recently been published in pamphlet form, and afford altogether a mass of facts and statistics bearing on the social and religious conditions of life in the metropolis of surpassing interest and suggestive value.

Among the facts of special interest brought out by investigation of the federation are those

relating to the density of population in the metropolis. It is shown that the number of families to a dwelling is more than three times as great in New York as in Philadelphia, and over eighty per cent. greater than in Brooklyn. It is estimated that the Greater New York, with a population of about three millions, will start with a greater density per acre than Greater London has in 1896. The density per acre of the population of New York itself south of the Harlem River is greater now than any other city in the world, the average being 129.2 persons per acre. For the tenement districts this average rises to over six hundred. The only other cities in the world that come near these averages are Tokio, and Prague in Bohemia. There are seven individual blocks in New York containing a population of over three thousand each.

It is also shown that the percentage of people owning their own homes in New York City is smaller than in any other city on this continent. And as for the statistics relating to sanitation, cleanliness, thrift, liquor-drinking, and church-going, the showing is decidedly unfavorable to the metropolis. It is set down as a fact that Tokio is cleaner in its bathing customs than New York. Yonkers is ahead of New York in the provision which it makes for public baths. The canvass of the federation showed that in the Fifteenth Assembly District there was only one bath-tub to about eight families, on an average. In other tenement districts of the city the situation in this respect is much worse. In one whole block in the Mulberry Bend region, with a population of about three thousand, there is only one bath-tub. The condition of the people in this region as regards cleanliness can be more easily imagined than described. Of 3,453 families whose thrift was estimated by the federation, only 1,039, or less than a third, were reported as conspicuously thrifty. The condition of the people in this respect, as well as in others, will be better understood when it is learned that in the district investigated by the federation there is one saloon to every four hundred people, or that the street frontage of the saloons and liquor-stores in the district is more than ten times as great as the street frontage of all the churches, clubs, and public schools in the district combined. There is only one church building in the district for every 4,547 people. As the federation puts it, "saloon social ideals are uniting themselves in the minds of the dwellers in the district in the ratio of seven saloon thoughts to one educational thought." The churches are spending in their entire work in this quarter a little more than half of the license fees paid by the liquor trade under the Raines law. New York City as a whole has fewer churches in proportion to its population than any other city in the United States. The proportion here is one church for every 2,837 people; in Chicago it is one for every 2,190; in Brooklyn, one for every 2,105; in Philadelphia, one for every 1,576.

In the statistics relating to church attendance and the religious affiliations of the people, some interesting facts appear. It is shown, for example, that the Jews have a larger church membership in New York City than any Protestant denomination, except the Episcopal, and that over sixty-eight per cent. of the Irish are church members and only fifty-one per cent. of the Americans. The Irish, in fact, lead every other nationality in the percentage of church members. The Scotch come next. In New York City, according to the last census, one in every 3.92 persons is a communicant of the Roman Catholic Church; in Brooklyn the proportion is one in every 4.01; in Chicago one in 4.19; whereas in Philadelphia there is but one Roman Catholic church member in every 6.39 of the population. Eliminating the Jewish congregations, Philadelphia, in 1890, had ninety-two more church societies than New York City. But in church property the metropolis owns over one-twelfth of the entire amount owned in the United States.

As the result of its investigations and the conditions which they disclose, the federation has a number of important recommendations and suggestions to make. For meeting the religious needs of the people of the tenement regions, it is recommended that each church in these localities check itself perpetually with the oversight of a block or more; knowing the condition of every home, and inviting the people out of church, in the name of all the churches of the district, to connect themselves with the church, her sympathies and services. As one means for improving the social status of the people it is urged that some class of institutions be provided to take the place of the saloon as a social resort. The ideal here, as suggested by the federation, is an institution whose rooms could be used for kindergartens during the morning; for a day nursery; for local headquarters for the various charities of the city; directly co-operant with neighboring churches and with libraries of the city; with class-rooms for music, domestic economy, with smoking-rooms, reading-rooms, assembly-rooms, etc.



After all that may be said against the drink-shops as sources of poverty and crime, there can be no doubt that they do meet a social need as places of rendezvous for the masses, and meet it in a very large and practical way. It is useless to hope that the saloon, with all its demoralizing influences, can be entirely eliminated from the life of the city until some substitute has been provided for the saloon as a place of social resort. This is the conclusion arrived at by all who have given the social problems of our time patient and careful study. As for other conditions disclosed by the federation it is sufficient to say that the churches have had opened up before them here a large and fruitful field for labor. It is clear enough, also, that the work needed cannot be done except by united and systematic effort along the lines laid down by the federation. There are enough agencies for good now existing in the metropolis, with enough men and money at command, to effect a great, immediate, and radical change for the better in the life of all the people if their work was carried on as unitedly and intelligently as it might be. As it is, with all their independent and sectarian divisions and antagonisms, these agencies often overlap each other, often work at cross purposes, often hinder instead of helping each other, and waste much of their means and energies in needless and misdirected effort. If the Federation of Churches helps to remedy these evils and to establish a more systematic and rational plan of service it will confer an inestimable benefit not only upon the cause of religion but every other good cause as well.

## OUR PLAYERS



Photograph by Falk.

ISABEL IRVING.

with "The Prisoner of Zenda" company, and her place has been taken by Miss Mary Manning, a good-looking English girl, a portrait of whom appears on another page.

On Monday evening of last week Mr. Maurice Barrymore appeared at Palmer's Theatre in the dual rôle of star and author. It may be said at once that he pleased his audience in both capacities. His new play, "Roaring Dick & Co.," is founded on Messrs. Besant and Rice's well-known story, "Ready Money Mortiboy," and is a capital vehicle for Mr. Barrymore, whose greatest success, as will be remembered, was made as *Captain Swift*, and who has a special talent for impersonating gentlemanly scoundrels.

Maurice Barrymore possesses many of the qualities that are essential to the making of a good actor. He has a handsome physique, a manly and amiable personality, and a rich, resonant voice. When his part calls for a swaggering, gentlemanly villain of the *Claude Duval* type, Barrymore is in his element, and probably no better interpreter of such parts could be found, but the chief difficulty with Mr. Barrymore is that he is not versatile. He is always the same, no matter what is his disguise. Put him in a dress-suit in a modern drawing-room and he is still *Claude Duval* or *Captain Swift*. He has also permitted himself of late years to develop the grievous and exasperating trick of giving a rising and unnatural inflection to the last syllables of his sentences. At no time does he succeed in submerging his identity. He is always Barrymore. And, in consequence, the play suffers, for all illusion is destroyed.

Edith Crane, a tall and handsome blonde, who was seen as *Trilby* last season, played the part of the heroine, and W. J. Lemoyne, one of our most popular comedians, gave an excellent impersonation of the old miser. Mr. C. A. Smiley contributed an artistic bit as *Dick's* accomplice. Mr. Henry Bagge was natural and convincing as *Douglas Branscombe*.

Richard Mansfield opened his engagement at the Garden Theatre last Monday. Next Monday he will produce a new play, "Castle Sombras," the story of which is as follows: *Captain Hillary*, a captain in the king's forces, is detached to seize the castle of the outlaw, *Sir*

*John Sombras*. In the first scene the castle looms in the distance, seemingly impregnable. Suddenly *Sir John* arrives, disguised as a minstrel, and is arrested and condemned to death as a spy. He is about to be shot when the captain stops the execution. Among the spy's papers he has found a portrait of his fiancée, who happens to be the outlaw's ward, *Thyrza*. *Hillary* offers the prisoner freedom if he can procure for him one hour's audience with *Thyrza* within the castle walls. This the minstrel does, and in the second act *Hillary* is confronted by *Sir John* in his proper dress. They are rivals for *Thyrza's* hand, and they agree to play for her with dice. If *Hillary* loses he dies; if he wins he takes the girl with him. He loses. Yet *Sir John* gives him another chance. They fight a duel with daggers, and blindfolded. *Thyrza* appears and lures her lover out of the chamber unknown to *Sir John*, who, finally discovering he is alone, concludes *Hillary* is a coward. Now, he declares, *Hillary* must die. A trap-door is opened in the castle hall, showing a yawning abyss. *Hillary* is led out to his doom. *Thyrza*, to save his life, promises to marry *Sir John*. The latter, however, is magnanimous, refuses to take advantage of her promise, and weds her to *Hillary*.

The Chicago *Tribune* remarks that the new play, "Castle Sombras," is not likely to take a prominent place in Mr. Mansfield's repertory. It says the audience began to laugh in the second act, and instead of being intensely thrilling the whole act developed into a farce. It says also that the dice scene is a direct imitation of the famous card-cutting scene in "The Masqueraders," where a wife is also at stake.



Photograph by Falk.

ADELE RITCHIE.

personality and sings daintily; and that is often enough to win popular favor. The portrait reproduced here is the most recent one taken of Miss Ritchie.

Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, opened his second American tour in Washington last week, presenting H. A. Jones's play, "The Dancing Girl." He will come to the Knickerbocker Theatre, this city, next week. Among the new plays he will produce while here is Gilbert Parker's piece, "The Seats of the Mighty."

FANNY BULKELEY.  
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attractive girl, and a comedienne of no mean merits. Miss Bulkeley has also a fine and well-trained voice.

ARTHUR HORNBLow.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### Harvard and Yale to Row in English Fashion.

THE coming to Harvard University of Mr. Lehmann, the eminent English rowing authority and coach, marks an epoch in the history of American crew-rowing of the most decided character. Mr. Lehmann came by invitation of the athletic authorities at Harvard, and he will be given full swing in establishing the regulation English stroke.

For the past fifteen years and more American crews have been working upon a system which, as exemplified in its greatest development by the Yale—or Cook—stroke, is now acknowledged to be illogical in several important particulars.

This acknowledgment was brought about in no uncertain way by Yale's experiences in the Henley regatta of last July. The New Haven crew not only lost the race, but demonstrated to the satisfaction of every one that the Cook method was not the right one.

And it was Yale's defeat which awakened Harvard men to the importance of getting an English coach to undertake a reform in American methods. Hence, Mr. Lehmann, foremost among England's coaches, was invited to visit the American Cambridge. A better selection could not have been made, and it will be a matter of surprise indeed if Harvard does not from this time on figure more prominently in her aquatic than for several years.

At this writing the outlook for a Harvard-Yale boat-race is bright, but in the event of such meeting it will not be a case of the English stroke versus the Cook stroke.

Bob Cook accompanied the Yale crew to England, and he showed himself the right man for the place of head coach by admitting on sight the superiority of the English method, at the same time making up his mind to effect a reform movement at the earliest opportunity.

Thus Mr. Cook has been at work at New Haven for some time, and, should a Yale crew meet Harvard next year, a difference in stroke will not be noticeable.

In pitting Mr. Lehmann against Mr. Cook, however, Harvard has a decided advantage at the start, though it is generally admitted that the latter understands pretty thoroughly the English method, and is capable of teaching it.

The change from the Cook stroke to the English stroke, of course, means almost a complete departure from American ideas of crew-rowing. Not only will the men be seated starboard and port—not directly over the keel—but they will be called upon to use a longer oar with narrower blade, reach much further forward, maintain the blade at a greater depth, and finish hard and much further back than ordinarily.

Practiced as the Yale men are in putting the blade in at an angle and applying power only forward of the oar-lock, these changes mean a great deal.

A man who has never rowed before will be of the right sort to work upon, and, no doubt, Mr. Cook will get together just as much of this kind of material as possible.

Last week Mr. Cook visited Cambridge, and it is understood that he endeavored to get on a race with Harvard for 1897. Should such a race not materialize, a second trip to Henley is not among the improbabilities.

Not a few experts in rowing in this country believe that an American crew can win at Henley, and furthermore, that Yale should go abroad next year and "strike while the iron is hot."

Sir Edwards Moss, in a recent letter to a friend in this country, expressed the opinion that he feared much for English prestige should an American crew come to Henley and row the English stroke. In the opinion of Sir Edwards Moss, Yale's defeated crew could have carried all before them, had the men not been handicapped with a losing stroke.

### UNIFORM ELIGIBILITY RULES.

The question of eligibility of men in the various branches of college athletics should receive attention at this time, with the end in view of making uniform rules to be lived up to by one and all alike.

Now, at Princeton, Baird, who is playing full-back on the foot-ball team, is a freshman. He was a freshman last year. At certain other colleges Baird would be ineligible to play this year, being a dropped man.

At Yale a player on the foot-ball team must show a standing of two hundred and twenty-five in his studies; otherwise he is restrained from playing. Goodwin, the freshman, is an example. Having failed to keep up, he was debarred, thus robbing the eleven of a first-class running half-back.

In the Harvard-Princeton foot-ball game Brewer played at end for Harvard. He was not graduated with his class last June, and he is now in the law school. Should he have been permitted to play? This is a question for grave consideration.

Another case is this. Gailey, of Princeton, and Woodruff, of Pennsylvania, are married men. Should they be allowed to compete with boys?

So far as eligibility for standing in studies goes, the writer believes that if a student cannot engage in athletics and keep up with his class, then he should be made to quit. It is no credit to Princeton that Baird is allowed to play, and all fair-minded men will agree in this opinion. The case of Brewer is similar, and reflects a bad light on the Harvard faculty.

### TROUBLE IN STORE FOR ATHLETIC CLUB FOOT-BALL TEAMS.

The defeat of the Harvard foot-ball team by an athletic club eleven, score 8-6, serves to emphasize the fact that the monopoly of decided superiority of the bigger college teams over their smaller brethren is a thing of the

past. While the teams of Williams, of Wesleyan, of Amherst, of Cornell, and of Trinity may not succeed in defeating Yale or Princeton or Harvard for some time to come, the athletic clubs, with their various and powerful resources for getting together star aggregations of players, are likely to do so at any time, that is if they get the chance. I say, "get the chance," because it is by no means improbable that college teams will shut down entirely on athletic club teams—that is, refuse to give them a place on their schedules until such time as these clubs show that they are properly influenced by the spirit of amateur sport.

This season of foot-ball just closed has proved a disgraceful one in a way—for professionalism has run rampant in the athletic clubs. To the writer's certain knowledge certain players representing athletic club teams were paid as high as three hundred dollars for one game, and five hundred dollars for two games.

Now, the colleges will not stand any such business as this; and, as the only way to stop the practice is to refuse to play games with them, then this should be done. The smaller college teams, however, are surely getting nearer their bigger rivals, but in a legitimate way—that is, through the coaching of experienced men.

### CANADIAN HOCKEY.

Ice-skating rinks are on the increase in the larger cities of the country. Ice skating is a popular form of amusement; but it must be furnished in an artificial way nowadays, since skating in the open gets more and more rare, on account of the lack of favorable weather conditions.

And as the ice-rink multiplies, the game of Canadian hockey will take firmer hold of a sport-loving people.

This coming winter, in New York, there will be a hockey league running under full headway and catering to many people. The game is a fast one, and exciting to a degree. Unlike shinney, the American game, hockey is played according to well-defined laws, which include rules for off-side-play, roughness, and raising the stick on high.

It is understood that the New York and Crescent Athletic Clubs will have teams in the field, as also the St. Nicholas Club and the Staten Island Cricket Club, of Staten Island, New York.

Baltimore has supported a first-rate hockey team for several years. The colleges, too, are taking up the sport.

W. T. Buller

## Have You Asthma or Hay-Fever?

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, writes that it cured him of asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to lie down night or day. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., of 1164 Broadway, New York, to make it known, are sending out large cases of the Kola compound free to all readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* who are sufferers from Asthma. All they ask in return is that when cured yourself you will tell your neighbors about it. Send your name and address on a postal-card, and they will send you a large case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.



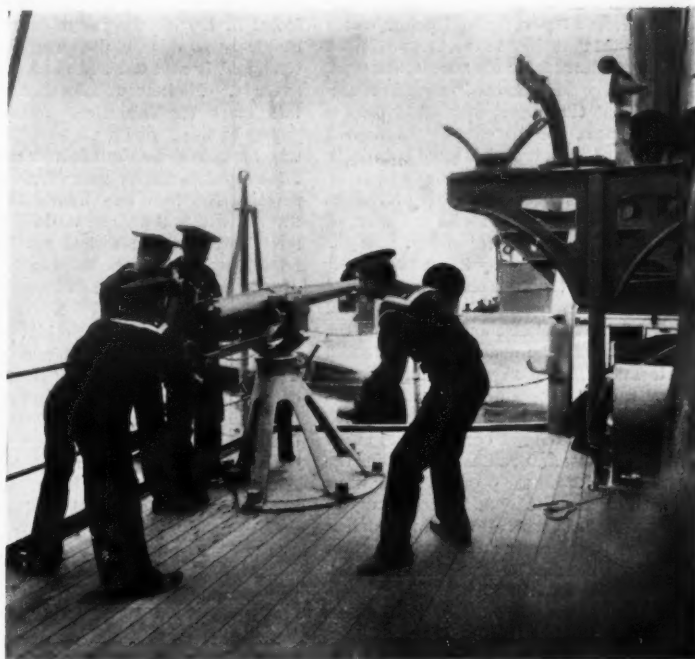
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

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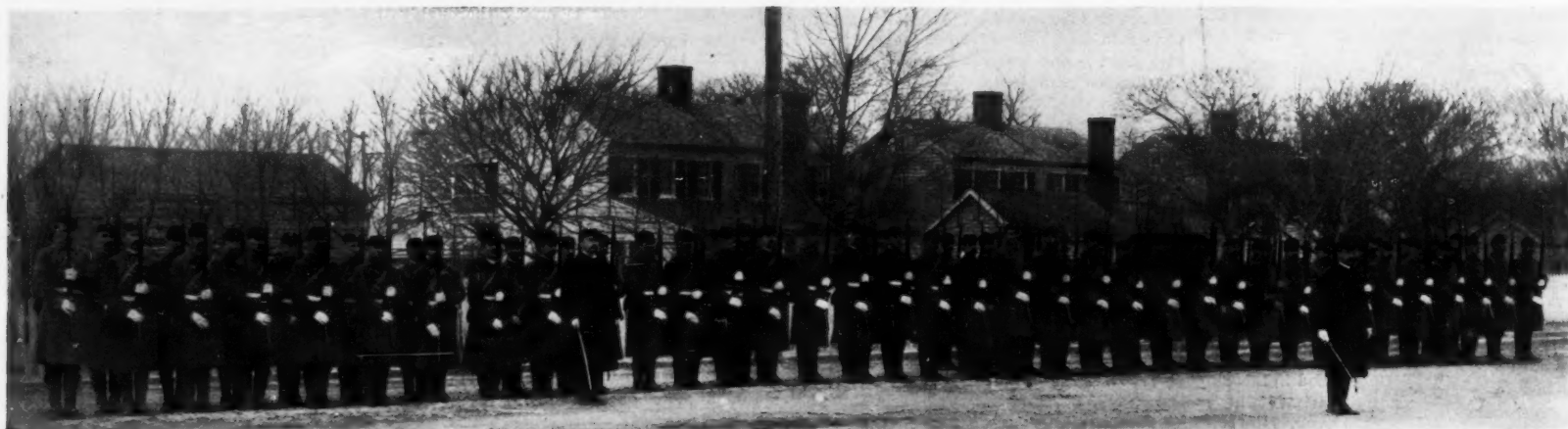




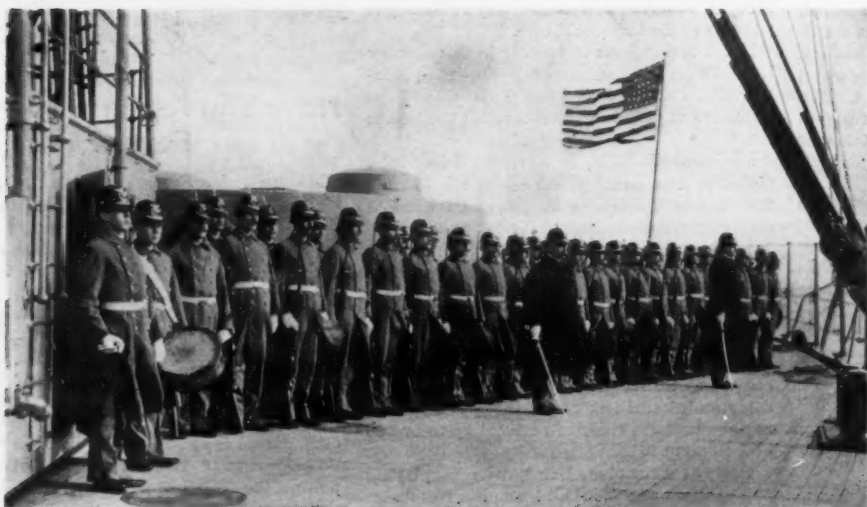
A SHIP'S CREW ON THE "MAINE."



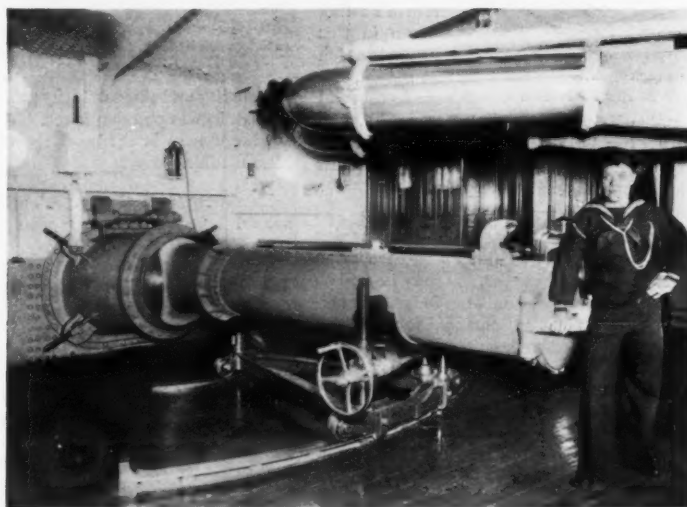
WORKING A SIX-POUNDER.



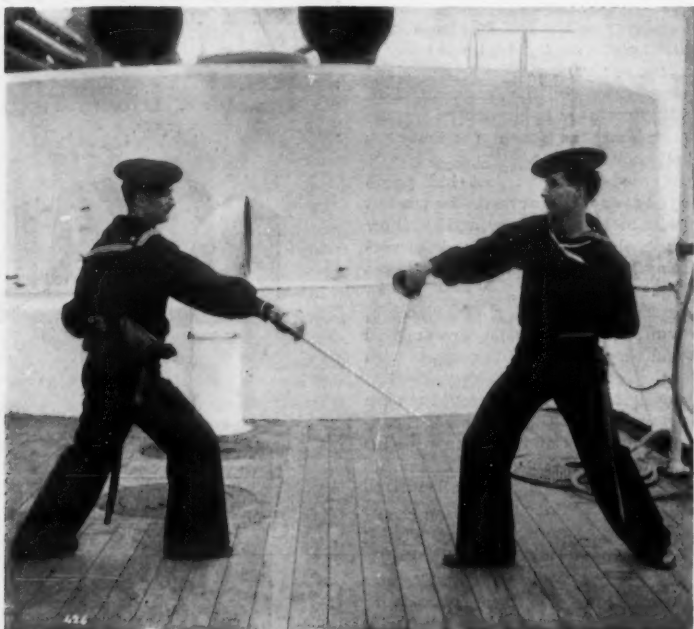
MARINES OUT FOR LAND DRILL, OLD POINT COMFORT.



MARINES AT QUARTERS ON FLAG-SHIP "NEW YORK."



A DYNAMITE TORPEDO-TUBE ON THE "MAINE."

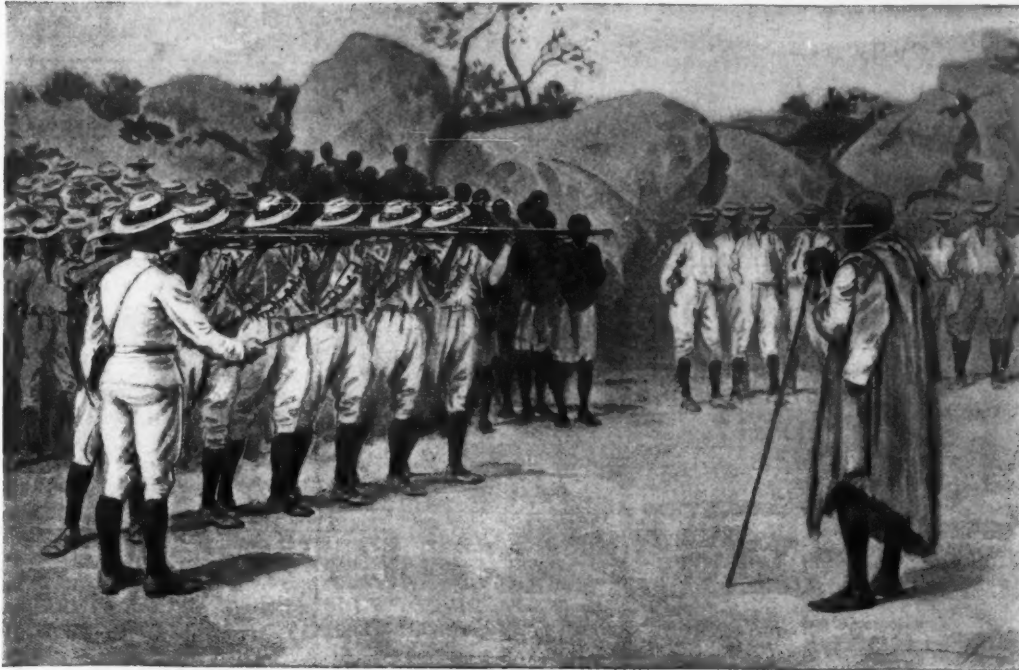


SINGLE STICK EXERCISE.

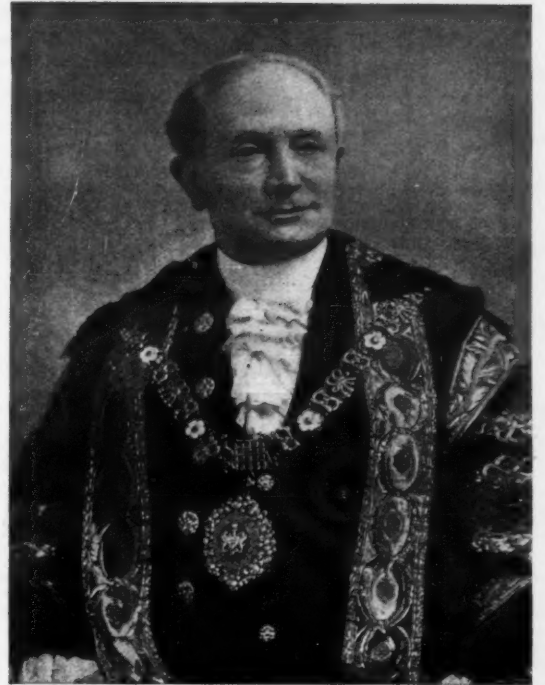


PARTY LEAVING SHIP FOR SHORE DRILL.

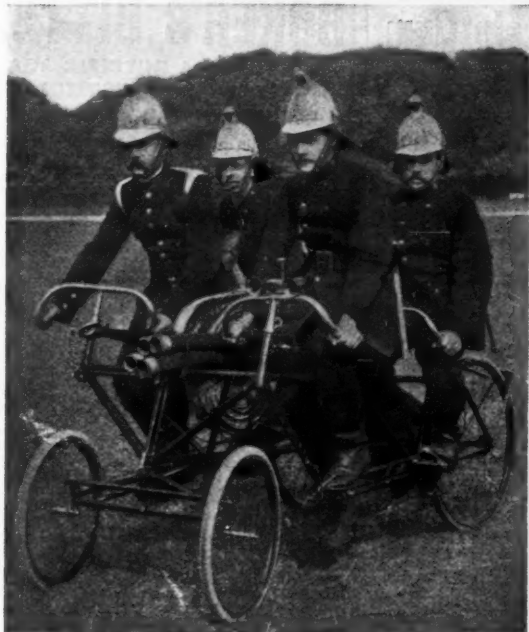




The rebel chief 'Mweena, who confessed that he ordered the murder of the Ross and Cunningham families in the early part of the campaign. He was summarily tried and sentenced to death.  
THE RISING IN RHODESIA—THE EXECUTION OF THE REBEL INDUNA 'MWEENA.—*Graphic*.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, ALDERMAN GEORGE FAUDEL PHILLIPS.—*Illustrated London News*.



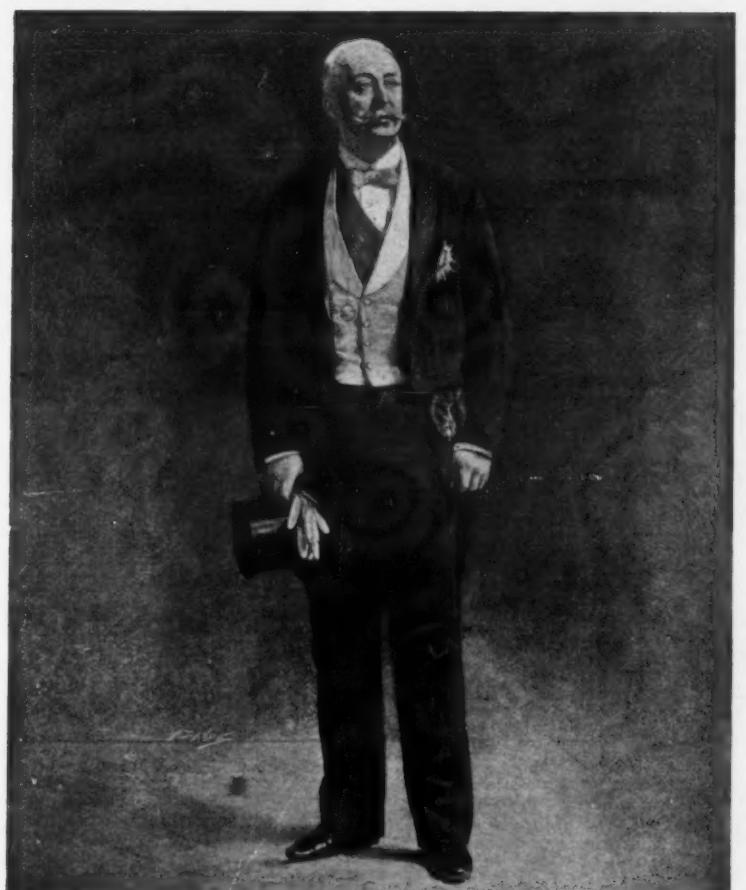
This engine will throw a stream of water a distance of one hundred feet, or ninety feet in height; weight, one hundred and twenty pounds.  
QUADRICYCLE FIRE-ENGINE AND PUMP.—*Black and White*



KÖNIG OSCAR II. OF NORWAY AND SWEDEN.—*Sport im Bild*.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LORD SALISBURY.—*Black and White*.



THE PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—FROM THE PORTRAIT BY L. BONNAT. ENGRAVED BY C. H. BAUDE.—*Black and White*.



## VERY DOUBTFUL.

"I AM hopeful that you will pay me that ten dollars before the end of the week, Smithson."  
"That's right, old man. Be hopeful, but don't be sanguine."—Judge.

## WORSE YET.

WHEN the funsmith writes a verse about his paste-brush in the ink,  
And all the things he feels inclined to do,  
He'd change the metre, make it worse, and  
harder stamp, I think,  
If he ever stuck his pen into the glue.  
—Judge.

**DALY'S** THEATRE, Broadway and 30th St.  
Evenings at 8:15. Matinees at 2.  
AS YOU LIKE IT. **ADA REHAN**  
and the reappearance of Miss **ADA REHAN**  
AS ROSALIND.

**KOSTER & BIAL'S** 34TH STREET, NEW YORK.  
ONLY MUSIC HALL IN AMERICA.  
**SISTERS BARRISON**  
Dec. 14th., **YVETTE GUILBERT**.

**5th AVE. THEATRE** Evenings 8:15.  
Only Mat. Saturday.  
H. C. MINER, Prop'r. and Manager.  
BEGINNING MONDAY, NOV. 23, **CRANE**,  
In a revival of his great play,  
**HIS WIFE'S FATHER**.

**GARRICK THEATRE**, 35th Street, near Broadway.  
Richard Mansfield, Lessee. Charles Frohman, Manager.  
**SECRET SERVICE**,  
by the author of "Field by the Enemy."  
Evenings at 8. Matinee Saturday.

## RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"WELL, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast-table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

**DR. SIEGERT'S**, the only genuine Angostura Bitters. It is useless to offer imitations.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world; twenty-five cents a bottle.

EVER since 1865 there have been women (more each year) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical, as **Dobbin's Electric**. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it; see how much. Your grocer has it.

It's likely you need a tonic. Most people do. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters is the one. For sale by all druggists, grocers, wine merchants.

## FREE TO BALD HEADS.

WE will mail on application, free information how to grow hair upon a bald head, stop falling hair, and remove scalp diseases. Address: **Altendorf Medical Dispensary**, Dep't E. A., Box 7-9, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MUCH attention in the mechanical world is being drawn to an interesting series of competitions recently instituted by the well known patent firm of **John Wedderburn & Co.**, of Washington, D. C., with a view to stimulating and guiding the skill of American inventors. In several foreign countries the governments have offered large bonuses for successful inventions of various kinds, and one of the most important functions of a large number of foreign scientific societies is to stimulate investigation in certain directions by organizing and supervising competitions having for their chief purpose the production of useful articles of real merit.

Recognizing the fact that inventive genius is more universal among the people of the United States than any other country, Messrs. Wedderburn & Co., some time ago, instituted a monthly contest in which a cash prize of one hundred and fifty dollars was awarded to the inventor submitting the simplest and most meritorious device, the decision to rest with a special board of awards appointed to examine all the inventions. No fee whatever is charged for entering these competitions, the payment of the customary search fee of five dollars entitling the inventor to enter his device in the contest participated in by all other inventions submitted during the same month. The search fee defrays the cost of a careful examination of the files of the Patent Office to determine whether the invention submitted has been anticipated by another inventor, and whether, if developed and manufactured, it would prove profitable to its author. The popularity of the competitions has become so great that the organizers have recently added another interesting feature, in which handsome sterling-silver medals are awarded to a number of inventors whose devices, while not of sufficient merit to entitle them to the first prize, are yet worthy of special distinction. These medals, made after a special design, have been submitted to the Hon. R. E. Preston, Director of the United States Mint, who has caused them to be assayed, and reports them to be of the purest sterling silver, warranted one thousand fine.

The success of these unique competitions has demonstrated clearly the fact that inventive genius is a common attribute of the young American, and it has also been shown that this genius, especially when applied to the development of simple inventions, is possessed to a great degree by women. A very considerable proportion of the competitors in each monthly contest have been women, who have shown great skill in devising and constructing useful household articles, many of which have since been patented and are now earning generous sums of money for their projectors.

An examination of the inventions which have been successful in these competitions develops the interesting fact that there is a great demand throughout the country for exceedingly simple devices to take the place of more complicated and cumbersome articles now in daily use. The fact that an article can be manufactured at low cost, and may then take the place of a more expensive utensil, is usually a guarantee of satisfactory financial returns, and the inventors of the country are rapidly coming to see the importance of the wide field of simple inventions. It has also been shown that there is hardly an article in common use to-day, whether patented or otherwise, that cannot be improved, either by simplifying it or by adding a detail to its construction, thereby rendering the improved device not only patentable but profitable to manufacture and place upon the market.

With a view to illustrating the character of the field now open to inventors with comparatively meagre facilities for experimenting, Messrs. Wedderburn & Co. have caused the files of the Patent Office to be examined, and have prepared a long list of desirable inventions which are now wanted by manufacturers, and which, if properly constructed, can be covered by broad and valuable patents. This list may be obtained free of charge upon application to Messrs. Wedderburn & Co., 618 F Street, Washington, D. C.

## PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

It's so easy to get a cake and try it. If you try it you'll use it, that is, if you care anything for clear, white, sweet skin, and a complexion of health.

## CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP

Sold by druggists.

## TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
**E. GRILLON**, 33 Rue des Archives, Paris.  
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Pianos are the Best.  
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CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—**S-O-H-M-E-R**.

## LEGAL NOTICE.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD," commencing on the 27th day of October, 1896, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation and entry of the following assessments in the respective Wards herein designated:  
**TWELFTH WARD**.—166TH STREET OPENING, between Amsterdam and Wadsworth avenues.  
**TWENTY-THIRD WARD**.—ST. JOSEPH'S STREET OPENING, from Robbins Avenue to Whitlock Avenue.  
**ASHBEL P. FITCH**, Comptroller, City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, October 31st, 1896.

**BARKER BRAND ARE THE BEST.**  
Wm. BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field.  
**FIELD FLOWERS**  
The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir  
The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for \$7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of \$7.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.  
**Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund**, 180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

## Christmas Number LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Will close for the press December First.  
The Finest Issue of the Year.  
Send for Rates.  
**W. L. MILLER**, Adv. Mgr., 110 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK.

A better Cocktail at home than is served over any bar in the World.



## THE CLUB COCKTAILS

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH and YORK.

We guarantee these Cocktails to be made of absolutely pure and well matured liquors and the mixing equal to the best cocktails served over any bar in the world. Being compounded in accurate proportions, they will always be found of uniform quality. Connoisseurs agree that of two cocktails made of the same material and proportions the one which is aged must be the better.  
Try our YORK Cocktail made without any sweetening—dry and delicious.  
For Sale on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads of the U. S.  
**AVOID IMITATIONS.**  
For Sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**, Sole Props., 39 Broadway, N. Y., Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W. London, Eng.

## BUFFALO LITHIA WATER

**BRIGHT'S DISEASE.**  
**DR. HARVEY L. BYRD**, of Baltimore, Md.: **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** has an ascertained value in Bright's Disease. A knowledge of its action on that disease thus far would seem to warrant the belief that it would in many instances, at least in its early stages, arrest it entirely, and in its more advanced stage prove a decided comfort and palliative.

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.

**Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum**  
CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.  
**The Perfection of Chewing Gum**  
And a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion and Sea Sickness. Send 5c. for sample package.  
**Beeman Chemical Co.**, 110 Lake St., Cleveland, O.  
Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.  
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PUTS ANY KIND OF A POINT ON ANY KIND OF PENCIL OR CRAYON. "Does Not Wear their Heads Off." It is the only real pencil sharpener yet invented. Not a theoretical experiment, but a practical success. Combines Science with Common Sense and Utility with Economy. Ever handy, simple, convenient, and permanently perfect. Weighs one-third ounce. A child can use it. No soiled fingers; no trouble; no profanity; no failure. Hardened and tempered razor steel. If your dealer hasn't it, send us 8 two-cent stamps for one, or 14 two-cent stamps for two. For 35 cents we will send an elegant silver-plated one in silver-mounted pocket case. Just the thing for Christmas. Every sharpener guaranteed.  
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**HUNTER MEDICAL CO.**  
Gentlemen: Your "Nasalene" is the greatest remedy I have used. To those suffering from Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I can cheerfully recommend it, as I have been greatly benefited by its use.  
Truly yours,  
**POLLIE HOLMES.**



**Cold in the Head, Hay Fever,**  
Catarrh, Catarrhal Headaches, Deafness (when caused by Catarrh), etc., are positively cured by **NASALENE**. Indorsed by thousands of physicians and public men. Price, 25 cents, of all druggists. Liberal samples, 10c., by mail.  
**HUNTER MED. CO.**, 215 E. 44th St., N.Y.

**HUNTER MEDICAL CO.**  
Gentlemen: My wife and myself have used your "Nasalene." It has proved to be not only a remedy, but a luxury, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to all who need a remedy of that nature.  
Truly yours,  
**TONY PASTOR.**  
**HUNTER MEDICAL CO.**  
Gentlemen: I can safely say that your **Bacon's Emollient** is the best remedy for Rough Skin. Many friends have spoken to me about it, and pronounce it excellent for Chapped Hands. Truly yours,  
**BLANCHE WASHBURN.**

**For Chapped Hands**  
Roughened Skin, Sunburn, Sore Lips, and Toilet Purposes, use **Bacon's Canadian Emollient**. It is unequalled for keeping the skin soft and healthy. Is clean and delicious to use. Highly recommended by prominent people throughout America. Sold for 25c. and \$1 by most druggists, or by mail. Circulars free. Address **HUNTER MED. CO.**, 215 E. 44th St., N.Y.



**C. E. LANSING**, Past Eminent Commander of Palestine Commandery, 167 Broadway, New York City.  
**HUNTER MEDICAL CO.**  
Gentlemen: I have found "Nasalene" to be a speedy cure and great relief.  
Yours truly,  
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A daylight trip, New York to Buffalo, via New York Central—FINEST ONE-DAY RAILROAD-RIDE IN THE WORLD.









DIPLOMACY.

YOUNG HUSBAND—"Have you discharged the cook yet?"  
YOUNG WIFE—"No, dear; wait until she's finished her dinner. People are always more willing to grant favors after a good meal."

## Arnold Constable & Co. LYONS SILKS.

Plain and Brocaded Moiré Antique,  
Brocaded Metal Effects.

**RICH WHITE SILKS.**

White Satin, Moiré Antique, Moiré Velouté,  
White Faille, White Brocades,  
for Wedding Gowns.

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Lyons Silk and Wool Moiré Velouté, and Silk  
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The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in Blue Wrappers and Yellow Labels. Be sure that the Yellow Label and our Trade-Mark are on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,  
Dorchester, Mass.

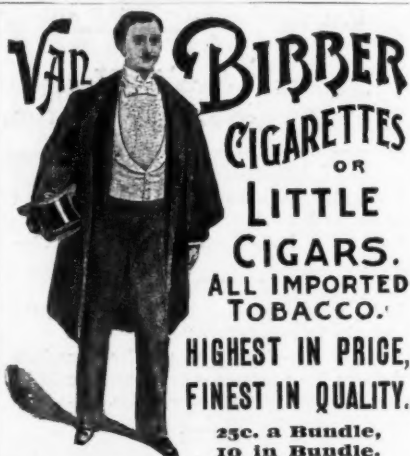
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**THE INTER-STATE**  
Casualty Company of New York  
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\$100,000 deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of New York for the security of the insured.

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Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
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For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
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**MATCHLESS IN EVERY FEATURE.**

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Three tours to CALIFORNIA and the PACIFIC COAST will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 21, 1897. Five weeks in California on the first tour, and four weeks on the second. Passengers on the third tour will return on regular trains within nine months. Stop will be made at New Orleans for Mardi-gras festivities on the second tour.

### FLORIDA

Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 28, February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route in both directions, \$50.00 from New York, and \$48.00 from Philadelphia.

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Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington Hotels, \$14.50 from New York, and \$11.50 from Philadelphia.

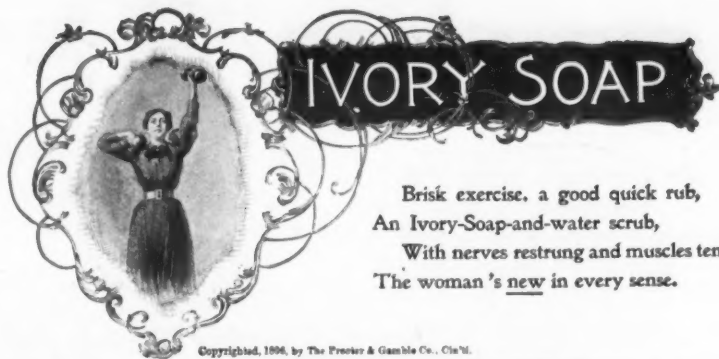
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**RICHMOND AND WASHINGTON**

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For detailed itineraries and other information, apply at ticket agencies or address George W. Boyd, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

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An Ivory-Soap-and-water scrub,  
With nerves restrung and muscles tense  
The woman's new in every sense.

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Clean, fragrant, reliable, inexpensive, and absolutely harmless,

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By JOHN GILLIAT, author of "AN UNSPEAKABLE SIREN," etc.

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**Great Saving**  
results from  
cleanliness and **SAPOLIO**.  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap.  
Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

Looking out over the many homes of this country, we see thousands of women wearing away their lives in household drudgery that might be materially lessened by the use of a few cakes of SAPOLIO. If an hour is saved each time a cake is used, if one less wrinkle gathers upon the face because the toil is lightened, she must be a foolish woman who would hesitate to make the experiment, and he a churlish husband who would grudge the few cents which it costs.

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MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS  
"ARE THE BEST"  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

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**THE LANCHAM** Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

**WANTED—AN IDEA.** Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1800 prize offer and list of 200 inventions wanted.



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GLYCERINE SOAP  
UPHELD BY BEAUTIFUL WOMEN  
EVERYWHERE as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having "No. 4711" WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.  
Transparent & Crystal.  
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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1896

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ANOTHER SPANISH VICTORY.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARRELL WEEKLY COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DECEMBER 10, 1896.

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One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00  
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## Cuban Liberty.

THE time has come when this government can no longer afford to remain indifferent to the happenings in Cuba.

The people of the United States have sympathized with the Cuban patriots for two years past, and had we not been absorbed in defense of our own government from the socialistic attack recently made upon its honor and integrity, there is little doubt that the people would before this have demanded that the insurgents in Cuba should be accorded belligerent rights.

That is very little to give them; it is very little to ask.

Spain has sent against those she calls outlaws and guerrillas the largest armies ever put in an American field by any European Power. But she has not won a single battle.

The Spanish army in Cuba to-day is numerically stronger than any English army in this country during the Revolutionary War. The American population was very much larger in 1776 than the Cuban population in 1896. Notwithstanding this show of force against comparatively insignificant adversaries, the Spanish have apparently made no progress whatever.

On the other hand, the patriots appear to have grown stronger in the face of unfair and barbaric opposition.

The Cubans go wherever they choose, even to the close neighborhood of Havana.

They get what supplies they need, sometimes from the Spanish and sometimes from abroad.

Meantime, the Spaniards are butchering defenseless non-combatants and displaying the dead bodies as desperate rebels slain in the open field.

It is time that these things should be stopped.

Spain should be compelled to treat these sturdy patriots with the honors of civilized warfare.

This country, as the guardian of American civilization, cannot afford to suffer these things longer to continue.

It is natural for Mr. Cleveland not to wish to initiate new policies at the close of his administration.

But the man who is the chief executive of the American people cannot afford to consult his merely personal wishes. When there is a duty to be done he should do it even though he had only a day longer to serve.

And the duty of the President just now is to send words of cheer and sympathy to these struggling patriots, and in so doing notify Spain that barbarous methods of warfare must be discontinued.

Civilization demands that Mr. Cleveland should do his duty toward Cuba without further delay.

## "The Honorable."

It is a well-known fact that Mr. William Waldorf Astor is the proprietor of the *Pull Mall Magazine*. It is therefore with much surprise that we see his name printed among the lords and ladies who contribute to his publication as "Hon. William Waldorf Astor." Had this appeared in any other periodical it would not have excited remark, but in his own magazine there is more than a suggestion of responsibility on the part of the owner. Mr. Astor must know that he has no valid right to such a prefix to his name, for Mr. Astor is a scholar and presumably acquainted with the history of his country. He must know that the question of titles was fully discussed in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States, and that it was decided that even the President should be a plain "Mister," and neither "His Excellency" nor "The Honorable." Surely,

then, a man whose highest public post was minister to Italy is not entitled to a prefix denied to the officer who commissioned him. While Mr. Astor was serving under the Secretary of State it is certain that he was never addressed as "The Honorable" in any letters sent to him by the State Department. As a matter of fact, the only man in the United States who can rightfully be called "The Honorable" is the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. That officer is "The Honorable" by law. If we are correctly informed the custom in England is to confer this prefix only on privy counselors and sons and daughters of peers of the realm. It could not have been in England that Mr. Astor acquired the right to so advertise himself. The only other American amusement purveyor who so styled himself in England was the "Hon." William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill). It may be that "Buffalo Bill" set the example which Mr. Astor follows. But we are afraid that it is nothing other than pure snobbery.



WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR.  
Photograph by Fredricks.

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## Jealousy in the Navy.

MR. MELVILLE, engineer-in-chief of the navy, in his annual report, has reopened the old fight between the staff and the line. He advocates the increase of the number of engineers, and intimates that in modern times the mechanical experts are the most important persons aboard a man-of-war. The layman, looking at the matter casually, is very apt to think that this is a correct view. There is no doubt whatever that the mechanical expert is a very important person aboard a modern



CHIEF ENGINEER MELVILLE.

man-of-war, but there seems to be no good reason why these important persons should be increased indefinitely or to any considerable extent. The expert, the man trained at Annapolis, is not intended to work as a mechanic works, but to direct the work of mechanics. For the engine-rooms of a man-of-war to be filled with naval officers in overalls stained with grease would not increase the efficiency of a ship in any regard. On the contrary, the work could be better done by skilled mechanics hired or enlisted for such service and directed by the responsible officers. Jealousy of the line is at the bottom of this movement to increase the number of engineers. The engineers want more rank and more pay; they want to be commodores and admirals. An admiral in overalls stoking the furnace of a man-of-war would be a gratifying sight. So we commend this part of the ambitious scheme of the staff. But would it not be as well to give them the pay, if they earn it, and not the title. Every man who knows what war is must come to the conclusion that the fighting qualities of the men aboard these monstrous fighting-machines will, after all, determine the issue of the modern naval battle. The battles will be won, as they always have been won at sea, through the skill, the determination, and the courage of the men on the quarter-deck. The great sailors will be the masters of the sea, and the mechanical experts will continue as such—useful, necessary; but their usefulness will be seriously detracted from if they persuade the department and Congress to put them in command, or to raise their rank so that on duty their presence will be embarrassing to those really in command.

## The Impossible Gracefully Attacked.

WHEN Mr. Thomas F. Bayard was Senator from Delaware he had a strong and enthusiastic following. At each



THOMAS F. BAYARD.  
Photograph by Sarony.

Democratic convention for twelve or sixteen years, and including the one that first nominated Mr. Cleveland, the Senator from Delaware was urged upon his party as the fittest man to be its leader. He appeared to have the very valuable faculty of engaging and holding the admiration and affection of those with whom he politically affiliated. His friends were warm and unwavering, and even his antagonists in public life respected him for his courage and steadfastness, and admired him for his old-school courtesy of manner and bearing. It was not long after he went into Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet as Secretary of State before his old friends began to whisper among themselves and to complain that Secretary Bayard was not at all the same man that Senator Bayard had been.

He had not been in the Cabinet a year before he had lost pretty nearly all his old friends and gained no new ones. The old-time courtesy was gone, and in its place was a stiffness which, when it unbent, became petulance. No one had a good word to say for him, and even in Delaware, where his family had been all-powerful for three generations, he lost his influence, and in the politics of the State was no longer a factor.

One shrewd observer of the happenings at the capital said that Mr. Bayard's failure as Secretary of State was due to his deafness and to an inability to apportion patronage

without giving offense. This observer said that Mr. Bayard received his old friends in a suspicious fashion, seeming to fear that each was about to make demands upon him; and then, not hearing more than half what was said to him more frequently than not, he believed that these friends were trying to influence him in some improper way. Men so misunderstood not only ceased being friends, but became implacable enemies. During his long and distinguished career in the Senate he had never been called upon to help in the distribution of patronage, as he had always been in the opposition. This doling out of offices was, therefore, a new experience, and he did it as badly as possible, selecting men for high posts abroad conspicuously unfit in equipment and character. When he retired to private life it was the almost universal opinion that that was the last of Mr. Bayard's public career.

But in the new post he has filled for three years and a half he has built up a new reputation, and has achieved, as minister to England, a fame which, in England at least, surpasses that of all his eminent predecessors. He set out at the beginning to cement the feeling of amity among the English-speaking peoples, and he has faltered not in his efforts even when dark clouds of war lowered over us. His persistence shows that he has a great capacity for friendship, a capacity never in eclipse save during the performance of unaccustomed and uncongenial administrative duties. As minister, with no offices at his disposal, he is as he was when Senator—the very pink of courtesy, the champion of kindness.

It is pleasant to see Mr. Bayard in his old-time attitude toward the world; it is well for his fame that he should have had the chance to reassert the real self which was once powerful, because so charming.

But Mr. Bayard's task is next to impossible. There ought to be no quarrel between this country and Great Britain, but to say, as Mr. Bayard did the other day, that nothing could cause a conflict is going too far. There are people—and a many of them—in this country who dislike England with sore bitterness; and there be many in England with the same feelings toward us. Now, to say that, under such conditions, nothing could provoke a conflict is going much too far. Though it would be a sad happening—the saddest almost that we can conceive—war between this country and England is not impossible; on the contrary, it appears to be one of the most possible things that the future has in store. Meantime, Mr. Bayard is doing no harm whatever, but is attacking the impossible with a graceful enthusiasm worthy of the days when he was the idol of his party and the envy of his colleagues.

## The Christmas Outlook.

AND now, when the landscape takes on an ashen, chilly air, and the last copper leaf has fallen from the mossy twig, we scent the fragrant cheer of Christmas in the near future. For the days that must ensue between now and the blossoming of the ever-festal anniversary bear about the same relation to it that a long garden-walk does to the castle to which it leads. On each side of this path are lovely flowers, set out in an artistic fashion well calculated to please the refined sense of all appreciative and cultured people. It is a vista of joy that is a guarantee of the character of the castle and of the man who occupies it. It tells you that his pictures and cigars are of the highest order of excellence, and that his furniture is not of the gorgeous, plush-covered, installment kind. It likewise assures you that he would not wear russet shoes in full dress, nor pour his granulated tobacco into the flame by attempting to light his pipe over the lamp chimney.

Even so is the airy avenue that leads to the rosy day which racks among ordinary days as a proud, prancing palfrey would rank in a chaste coterie of superannuated car-horses. And along this avenue what lovely things we see to fill us with sweet and rosy dreams of anticipation. To the small boy the toy-store windows are hot-houses of rare exotics, for the toys bloom like flowers that to him are perennial, and never fade even long after the paint has been knocked off. The rose of his world may fade, like the day upon which there is no school, but the spots remain on the toy leopard after they have vanished, and the stripes on the zebra are to him as lasting as those of the flag he loves. In the candies he sees beds of spicy carnations and blushing tulips that he longs to cull and fashion into epicurean bouquets, to wear with pride and satisfaction upon his inner boy. And he pauses before these windows of never-ending enchantment, as over the pages of a fairy tale that never becomes tiresome or loses its subtle, mystic charm. He looks upon the dolls, whether constructed of wax or paper, as real personages, and most important ones, too; and even at the dry-goods window he looks upon the stockings with a tender wistfulness, until he regards them not as articles of wearing-apparel, but as articles made for the express purpose of being suspended by the open fire-place against the coming of Santa Claus. And then there are the pretty holiday books that lie open on the counters—like summer landscapes—with their wealth of illustrations, and appeal to people who do not care for books in July, any more than they care for the seashore and its murmurous billows in the dead of winter, when the winds howl and pile the snow-drifts before your front door until you have literally to pry yourself out to start upon your daily pilgrimage in the trembling kiss of dawn. But perhaps the finest Christmas-book is the one you can balance on the right side at this merry season of bills. It is a book of fine reading, to which every man can furnish fitting illustrations from the festive negative of his mind. These pictures, of course, have a great deal of Christmas feeling and color in them, and they set forth the suspended market goose as a rich and glowing cameo of never-ending joy, while the turkey becomes an object worthy of shining as a façade upon the grandest castle of ancient Athens or of modern Morristown. And when he sees the live turkey trying to



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Preparing the Thanksgiving Dinner.

## THANKSGIVING

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**L**ook and long to touch her lips,  
Or steal one curl among the tresses  
Through which the summer sunlight slips  
And summer breezes blow caresses:

"What makes you always fair?" I cry,  
But she says naught until I force her,  
And then demurely makes reply:  
"Why, just pure Ivory Soap, of course, Sir!"

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